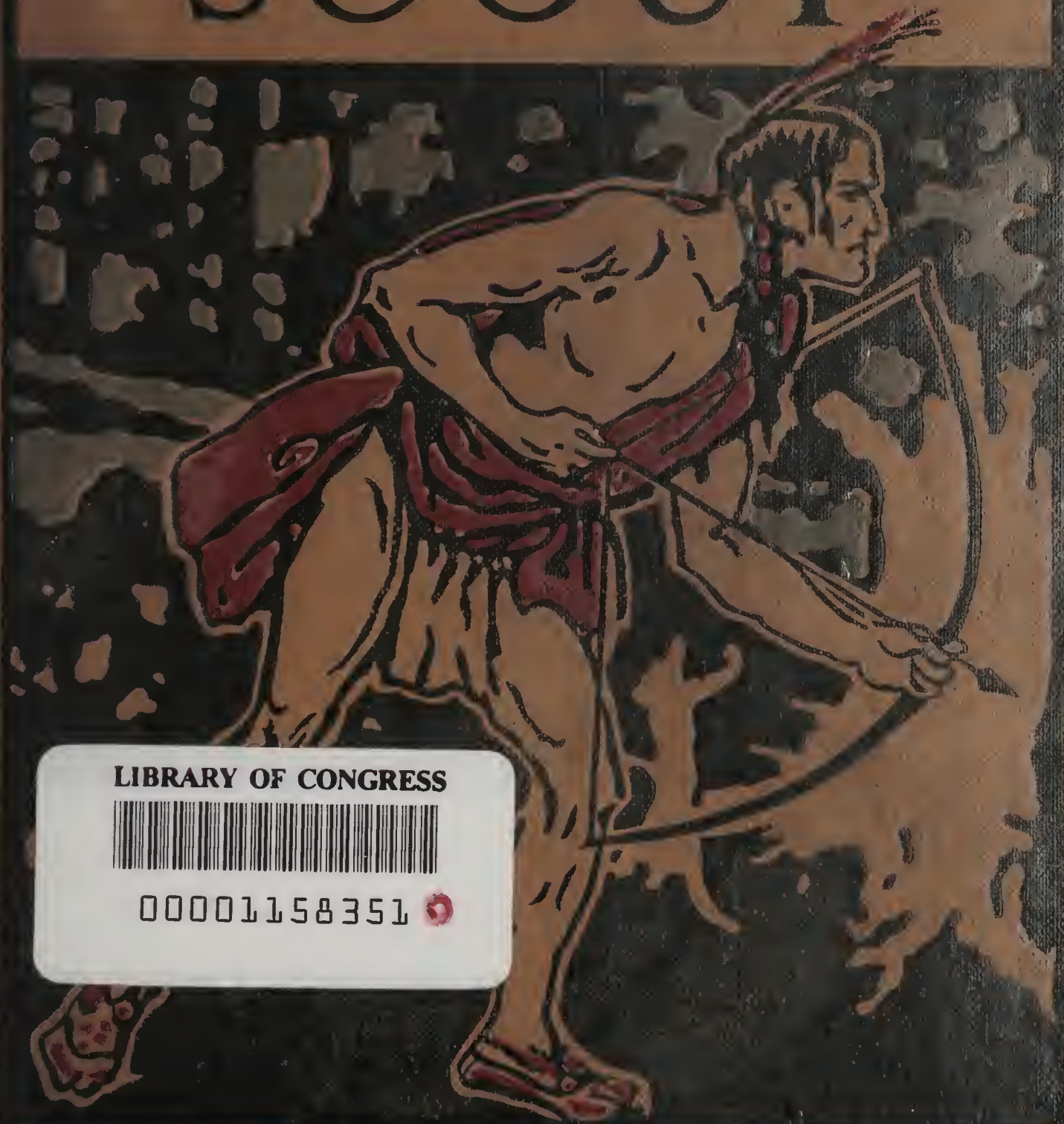


THE IROQUOIS SCOUT



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THE IROQUOIS SCOUT

“INDIAN” STORIES
WITH HISTORICAL BASES

By D. LANGE

12mo Cloth Illustrated

ON THE TRAIL OF THE SIOUX
THE SILVER ISLAND OF THE
CHIPPEWA

LOST IN THE FUR COUNTRY
IN THE GREAT WILD NORTH

THE LURE OF THE BLACK HILLS

THE LURE OF THE MISSISSIPPI

THE SILVER CACHE OF THE PAWNEE

THE SHAWNEE'S WARNING

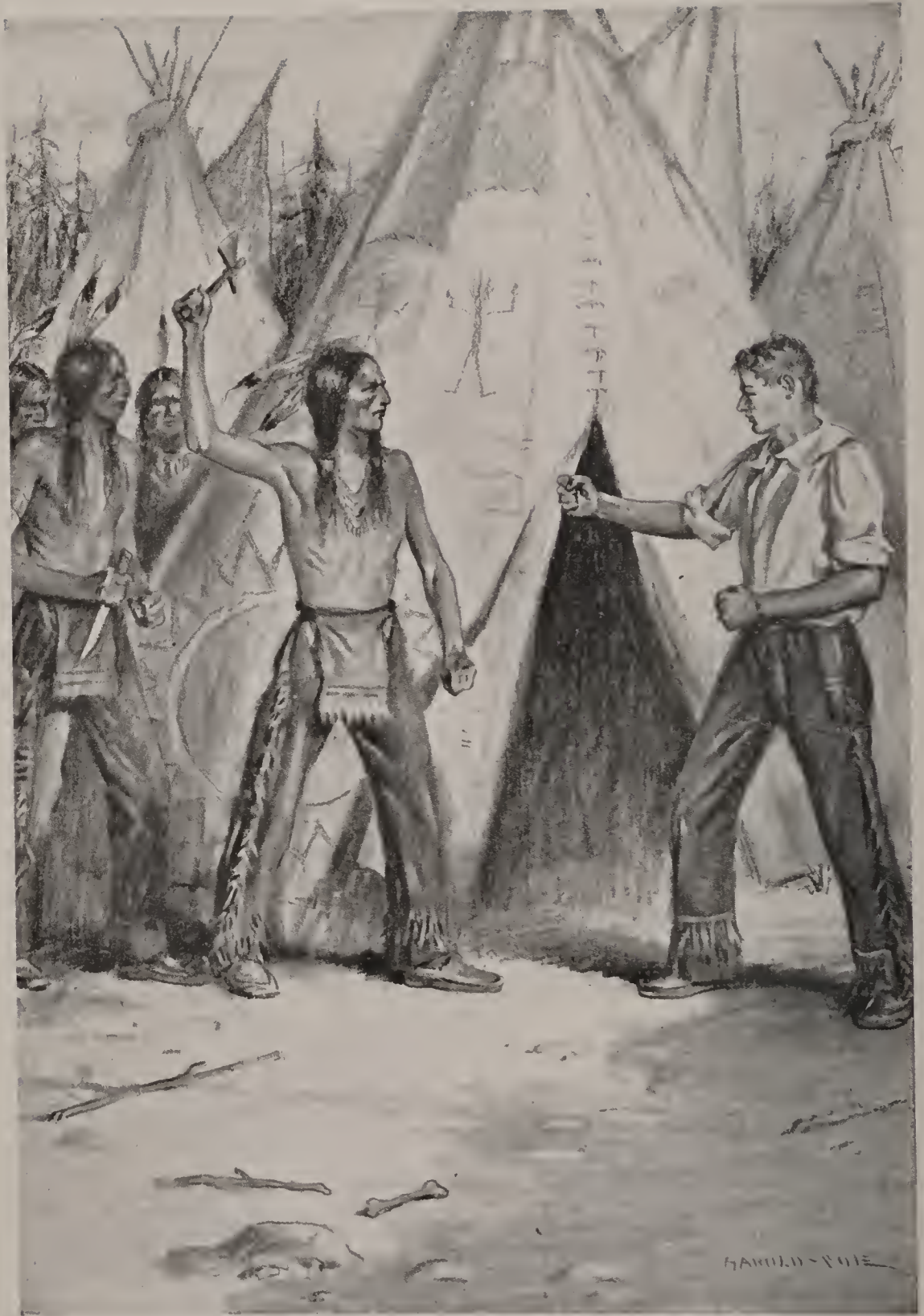
THE THREAT OF SITTING BULL

THE RAID OF THE OTTAWA

THE MOHAWK RANGER

THE IROQUOIS SCOUT

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO., BOSTON



BUT NOW ONE OF THE YOUNG INDIANS RAISED HIS HATCHET AND
CAME AT JONAS.—Page 204.

THE IROQUOIS SCOUT

By
District
D. LANGE

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD JAMES CUE



BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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The Iroquois Scout



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The Iroquois Scout

CHAPTER I

GANADOGA

GANADOGA, the young Iroquois scout, had made a fast trip from Fort Stanwix in the Iroquois country in western New York. Down the Mohawk River he had travelled in a canoe with several of his friends; but when the party reached the junction of the Mohawk with the Hudson, he had bid his friends farewell and taken the forest trail that led south on the west side of the Hudson.

Ganadoga had served as a scout for the Americans since the army of the British under St. Leger had appeared in the Mohawk Valley in 1777.

In the long struggle of the Americans for independence, Ganadoga's people, the Oneidas, and the Tuscaroras were the only tribes of the Iroquois Confederacy, or Six Nations, that remained friendly to the Americans.

The other four tribes, after a feeble at-

tempt at neutrality, openly joined the British under the leadership of Joseph Brant, the famous war chief of the Mohawks.

Ganadoga was now a youth of twenty, tall and lithe, active and quick as a panther, and a runner of great endurance. He could have travelled in ease on a sailing vessel from Albany down the Hudson to West Point. But he was carrying some important papers, and he was afraid, if he took passage on a river sloop, that he might fall in with British spies; so he decided upon the more difficult journey by Indian trails and country roads.

It was the spring of 1781. Ganadoga had safely reached a spot in the woods well known to him, just back of the town of Newburgh on the Hudson River, about twelve miles above West Point.

Ganadoga, just before the outbreak of the war, had spent two years in the school of Dr. Eleazar Wheelock at Hanover, N. H. He had been sent there by the Reverend Samuel Kirkland, the devoted missionary of the Oneidas, whose influence had kept the Oneidas friendly to the Americans.

In this school, Ganadoga had learned to

speak and read English fluently, but he had not learned to like sleeping in a white man's house.

“The white man's houses are too hot and stuffy,” he used to say to his white boyhood friend, Jonas Stillwell, who was also a pupil at Dr. Wheelock's school. “They are only good places to sleep in, when the big winter storms blow from the north.”

Ganadoga could have stopped overnight in a tavern at Newburgh, in fact, he could easily have gone to the house of his friend, Jonas Stillwell, who lived with his parents on a farm only a mile northwest of the town.

But Ganadoga would not visit with friends before he had delivered his papers and oral messages to the commanding officer at West Point. It was for that reason that he was camping alone at a place to which the early Dutch settlers had given the name: “Duyvel's Dans Kammer,” the Devil's Dance Chamber.

He knew every foot of ground near the Dans Kammer, because he and his school friend, Jonas Stillwell, had often roamed and hunted all through the woods near New-

burgh during vacations of Dr. Wheelock's school.

Now Ganadoga built a small fire in a secluded spot between two big rocks. Within a few minutes he had made for himself a refreshing drink of sassafras tea, which he sweetened with maple sugar made in the woods on Oneida Lake. At school Ganadoga had grown very fond of the white man's tea, which English ships brought to Boston and New York. But white man's tea was now far too expensive for an Indian scout. For some reason, which Ganadoga never could quite understand, the white people in Boston had thrown much good tea into the sea.

When the sassafras tea was done, he broiled a grouse, which he had killed in the afternoon with his short hunting bow; for on his quick and long scouting trips, the young Oneida did not generally encumber himself with a heavy gun.

The meal was as quickly eaten as it was cooked; in fact, Ganadoga was so hungry that he ate one half of the bird, while the other half was still broiling over the fire.

When he had finished his meal, he raked dirt on the coals, and made himself a bed of dry leaves at some distance away from the place where he had built the fire. This precaution of not sleeping near their camp-fires was observed by all American Indians, when they were travelling in the country of a hostile tribe. Ganadoga knew that he was over a hundred miles from any hostile Indians, and he felt sure that no British spies had recognized and followed him, but he obeyed this important rule of safety without giving a thought to it. When the commander of Fort Stanwix had impressed it upon him, Ganadoga had protested with a smile, saying, "General, I am not a white man. An Iroquois scout does not forget the war rules of the Six Nations."

Usually, when Ganadoga felt himself safe, he fell asleep as soon as he had pulled his gray blanket or deerskin robe over his head; but to-night he could not sleep.

This was his first scouting service down the Hudson to West Point, since the outbreak of the war. He had served through Burgoyne's campaign in 1777, and had fol-

lowed St. Leger and his fleeing Britishers and Indians to Oswego.

Two years ago, in 1779, in the expedition of General Sullivan, when the American Long Knives destroyed all the villages and orchards and cornfields of the Mohawks and other Iroquois tribes, except those of the Oneidas, he had refused to serve.

But the Oneidas were not much better off than the other tribes. Indeed, the Mohawks had burnt a village and destroyed some fields of the Oneidas, and they had even killed some Oneida warriors, although Oneidas and Mohawks both belonged to the Six Nations of the Iroquois, whose people were all bound together by sacred ties of friendship, and had not waged war against one another within the memory of their oldest men.

But now the whole earth, so far as Ganadoga knew it, was at war; Englishmen were fighting Englishmen, and even the great peace league of the Iroquois had gone to ruin.

Joseph Brant, Tayendanaga, the great war chief of the Mohawks, and his warriors had openly joined the British. Joseph

Brant said he and his people were simply keeping the covenant which they had made with the king of the English, who lived on the other side of the Great Lake.

Some of Ganadoga's own people, the Oneidas, had often said they also ought to join the English, but their beloved missionary had persuaded them to remain neutral. The Americans would surely win, in the end, he had assured them. The redcoat soldiers of the king, he had explained, were afraid to march away from the sea and fight the Americans. If they ever did so, they would be defeated. Did not all the Oneidas know what had happened to St. Leger and to Burgoyne? Since that time the king's soldiers had been afraid to come out of the big towns, New York and Philadelphia. The more soldiers the king sent over, the more food he had to send. Some day the king would get tired of sending food and clothing to his soldiers. He would call them all home and then the war would be over.

If the king's soldiers ever left the towns on the coast, they would soon starve and tire themselves out by marching about in the

woods, and then the Americans would take them all prisoners, as they had done with Burgoyne and his men.

Ganadoga wanted to believe what the good Father Kirkland told his people, but he could not understand why George Washington did not march into New York. Why did he just camp and camp and wait for the redcoat soldiers to come out? Perhaps they never would come out, because the big ships brought them plenty to eat and they could sleep in warm houses. Why should they want to come out and fight and march here and there through the forest?

Ganadoga had been told that, when he was a very small boy, there had been a great war between the French and the English and he had a vague recollection of seeing some French rangers coming to the Oneida village on snowshoes. That war he could understand. It was a war between two tribes of the white men. His own people, the Iroquois, often waged war against tribes that did not belong to the Six Nations.

But this war between the English themselves was a puzzle to Ganadoga, as it was to

all the warriors of the Iroquois. The king and his officers and soldiers did not want the land of the Americans, nor did they want to hunt and trap in the forest. Then why did the Americans fight them? Neither side made scalps nor tortured prisoners; on the contrary they fed their prisoners or sent them home.

As far as Ganadoga had ever been able to make out, the Americans had thrown the English tea in the water, because there was something in it, which they called taxation. This taxation, Ganadoga concluded, must be some kind of bad medicine, which made people sick if they drank the tea. The king must have great quantities of taxation or he could not have put it in a whole shipful of tea.

That was the most reasonable cause Ganadoga could find for this great war, which had now been going on for six years.

And then the tired young scout fell asleep.

CHAPTER II

FRIENDS OF GANADOGA

WHEN Ganadoga awoke, the woodthrushes and robins were singing to their mates with the joy of spring that had come anew to the beautiful Highlands, irrespective of human war and suffering.

Ganadoga had nothing to eat for breakfast, and he had planned to make a quick trip of the twelve miles still between him and West Point.

But as he bent down to drink from the spring, which he and Jonas had many times visited on their rambles through the woods, a great longing to see Jonas came over him, and he decided to go by way of the Stillwell farm to see his friend of many happy days, or learn what had become of him.

Perhaps he would not find Jonas at home. He might be with the American troops in Virginia, or he might even be with those at West Point, where the Americans were

eagerly watching and guarding the broad Hudson River, which twice the British had almost wrested from the control of the Americans; the last time only about a year ago, when Benedict Arnold had sacrificed his fair name and brave soldier's reputation by turning traitor to the cause of his country. The strange story of Benedict Arnold had added another puzzle for Ganadoga to the many puzzles of this war.

But perhaps his friend Jonas Stillwell could explain some of these puzzles to him. Jonas never laughed at the questions of his Indian friend, and Ganadoga would not be afraid to ask him.

The young scout was now rapidly approaching the log house of John Stillwell. He could see the blue smoke curling from the chimney. In contrast to the Mohawk Valley, where most of the houses had been burnt, the fields destroyed, and the cattle either killed or driven off, the Hudson Valley looked much as it did when Jonas and Ganadoga fished and swam in the river, and hunted rabbits and woodchucks in the forest.

Toward the east, behind Beacon Hill, as Ganadoga looked back for a minute, he saw the sun coming up in a great blaze of red; and as he walked rapidly on again, he heard the crowing of cocks and the lowing of cattle.

With a loud-beating heart, the young Indian entered the clearing of the Stillwell farm. His friend might not be alive any more. So many Americans had been killed in the desperate battle with the Indians at Oriskany and in the many fights which had finally compelled Burgoyne to surrender four years ago, in 1777.

But now the Indian saw a tall young man opening the bars and turning the cattle out to pasture. That must be Jonas's big brother Nathan. No, it was not Nathan. Ganadoga had forgotten for a moment that Jonas was no longer a boy, but a young man. It was Jonas himself.

"Jonas!" cried the young scout, throwing off his Indian reticence. "Don't you know me? It is Ganadoga of the Oneidas!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Jonas. "Where do you come from, Doga? I heard that the warriors of Brant had killed you."

The boys at school had found the name of the Oneida lad too long and had shortened it to Doga.

“They will never kill me,” the scout replied with a smile. “The Oneidas know the trails of the Iroquois country as well as the warriors of Brant know them. The Mohawks are fighting for the English, but the Oneidas will remain the friends of the Americans.”

“You must come in and eat with us,” urged Jonas. “Mother has the breakfast on the table, and I know that a scout is always hungry.”

“I am hungry,” Ganadoga admitted to his boyhood friend, “for I carried no food with me but maple sugar, and the hunting was poor along the trail.”

The breakfast on Mrs. Stillwell's table was of the kind both to tempt and satisfy a hungry man. Ham and eggs, with plenty of butter and hot biscuits, and real tea for beverage.

“Our soldiers captured a wagon-load of it from the British near New York,” John Stillwell related, “and one of our men

was lucky in bringing a bale of it to Newburgh.”

Ganadoga wondered if there was any taxation in this tea. Apparently it was free from this bad medicine, and the young scout had his cup filled several times.

After breakfast, Father and Mother Stillwell urged the Oneida to stay a while and rest, but the scout declared that he was not tired and that he must hurry on to West Point.

One thing had puzzled Ganadoga, while he sat at table with his friends. Nathan, the older brother of Jonas, was not there, and none of the family told where he was or even mentioned him. But it seemed to Ganadoga that Father and Mother Stillwell had aged very much since he had last seen them, only six or seven years ago. He had expected to see Jonas grown up and was not surprised to find that Sam, the youngest of the family, had grown to be a strong red-cheeked boy of about twelve, but he had not expected to find so marked a change in his hosts.

“Jonas, you may go with your friend to West Point,” said Stillwell, when Ganadoga

prepared to leave. "You have not seen each other for a long time. We finished planting corn yesterday, and there is no very pressing work.

"I think, boys," Stillwell continued as Jonas was getting ready, "you had better take our boat. The tide will be running down river about seven o'clock and the wind is fair from the north. So you can hoist the sail and make much better time than you could do on foot."

"Yes, do that, Jonas," Mother Stillwell agreed. "You have worked hard all spring. People say that everything is quiet on the river now, while much fighting is going on in Virginia and the Carolinas. Some folks think the war will soon be over, but I have almost given up hope. I fear the British will come back and George Washington and all our leaders will be hanged, unless they flee to the Indian country, but Father and Jonas always laugh at me when I talk like that."

"No, Mother, the king's soldiers will not come back," replied John Stillwell. "Most of the Tories have already left for Canada or New York, and I think the British are as

tired of the war as we are. They have tried for five years to get control of the Hudson, but Washington is just a little too much for them. West Point is now strongly fortified, there are plenty of big guns on the high hill in Fort Putnam, and our men have stretched a big chain across the river at West Point, so that no British vessels can sail into Newburgh Bay. The French have sent 8,000 men to help us, and last night at the meeting of our committee, it was reported that a large French fleet was coming to help us.

“ So you need not fear, Mother; there will be no hanging of patriots. Of course, our weakness is that we have no fleet. If we had a fleet, we should have driven the British out of New York long ago, but as it is we must leave them in possession of that port till the war is over.

“ However, if the French can send enough ships to keep the British fleet out of Chesapeake Bay, Washington and Lafayette will soon make short work of Cornwallis in Virginia, and then we shall have the peace we all long for.

“ But now you must go, boys. The wind

has been north several days, and if it should turn south you could not use the sails.

“Ganadoga, you must stay with us a few days, when you come back from West Point. Then you can tell us the news of the Mohawk Valley. I understand that whole beautiful country is ruined. But now, boys, you must go.”

CHAPTER III

THE BIG CHAIN

JONAS and Ganadoga almost forgot that they were sailing down the Hudson on serious business.

A swift tide was running and a fresh breeze swelled the sail. White-capped waves toppled over and over, as if they were chasing one another down Newburgh Bay, but the little keel boat cut through them as if she were racing in a modern regatta; and belated flocks of northern ducks had to take wing to get out of her course.

It was still early in the forenoon when the young scout delivered his letters to the adjutant of the commander and received orders to report for return letters at four in the afternoon.

During the interval the two friends had time to take a look at Fort Putnam on one of the high hills behind West Point.

“If any British ships try to run up the

Hudson," Jonas remarked to his friend, "the guns here will send them so many bad-medicine pills that they will be glad to return to New York."

But Ganadoga was most interested in the big chain that was stretched across the river. He had seen big chains which the white teamsters used to haul the heavy baggage-wagons over muddy roads and across the fords of streams, and he had often wondered how the white men made these chains that were so strong that a dozen yoke of oxen could not break them. But he would not have dreamed that even white men could make a chain with links like those that Jonas described to him.

"The links are that long," Jonas asserted, holding up his hands about eighteen inches apart, "and they are as thick as my wrist. I saw them last year, when I was called out with the militia, and the chain is over half a mile long."

Ganadoga looked questioningly at his friend. Jonas had never fooled him or told him a lie, but the other white boys at Dr. Wheelock's school had played many mean

tricks on him. Once they had let him sit on a rainy night holding a sack between two willow bushes in a swamp on the old fake game of catching snipe. When Ganadoga, at last, returned home wet and cold, pitying his two white friends who he thought had lost their way while beating up the snipe for him over that wild wet marsh, he found the scamps soundly asleep in their warm beds!

From that day on Ganadoga had a bad time of it at school, till he induced the snipe-hunters to swallow a bite of young skunk cabbage seeds on the representation that these seeds were a powerful Indian medicine, by the use of which their scouts could keep awake all night, and that a boy who ate some of this medicine would not feel sleepy till he had finished all his lessons.

It turned out to be quite true that the medicine would keep boys awake. One of the lads who had taken an extra large bite became so scared by the burning sensation in his throat that he ran about yelling, "The Indian boy has poisoned me! I'm going to die. I'm going to die!"

The whole school was alarmed, and when

Dr. Wheelock learned what the trouble was, he made the two medicine-eaters swallow a large dose of castor oil, the favorite remedy of those days for all the ills of boyhood. But when he approached Ganadoga with a big spoonful of the hated oil, the Indian boy declared, "I am not sick, Doctor. I boiled my seeds first. Those fellows made me hold a sack to catch snipe."

That was too much even for dignified Dr. Wheelock. He turned away laughing, but threatened that any boy who hereafter caused a disturbance in school would be put on a diet of bread and water for a week.

That night Ganadoga enjoyed a more unbroken sleep than his two fellow snipe-hunters. His schoolmates, after this event, seemed to have forgotten his snipe-hunting adventure, but his reputation as a great medicine man was firmly established. The two white boys, however, led an uncomfortable existence for the remainder of the school year. Every boy who was not too small taunted them with "skunk cabbage and castor oil," until in the following school year, two new boys had been initiated to the virtues

of Ganadoga's medicine and its famous antidote which this time the promoters of the affair did not wait for Dr. Wheelock to administer.

Dr. Wheelock's school was a famous institution in those days. It was attended by both white boys and Indians. The famous Mohawk chief, Joseph Brant, attended the school for some time and made such good progress that he wrote and spoke better English and was generally better educated than many of the white generals of the Revolutionary War.

At the time of Ganadoga and Jonas, the school had already been moved from Lebanon, Connecticut, to Hanover, New Hampshire. This was done in 1770, and the school had actually received its charter as Dartmouth College the year before.

Talking over their school days, Jonas and Ganadoga arrived at the west end of the big chain, and after they had shown their passes, the soldiers on guard duty were quite willing to talk.

"You lads should have come a few days earlier," said the sergeant. "We stretched

that big chain across the river only a few days ago, on the tenth and eleventh of April. It was a big job. We had two hundred and fifty men working at it. Here, lads, is a defective link, which you may have for a keepsake."

"Lift it, Doga," said Jonas. "I noticed you thought I was fooling you, when I told you about the links."

"It must weigh a hundred pounds," Ganadoga admitted, raising one end off the ground. "It is as heavy as a deer."

"I thought, Sergeant, the chain was stretched across the river last year," Jonas asked.

"Yes, it was," the sergeant informed them. "But you see, we have to pull it up on shore at the beginning of winter, or the ice would take it out. Even a chain like this could not resist the ice going downstream with the wind and the tides."

"I see, brother," Ganadoga spoke, "that you told me the truth about the chain and the big links. I knew white men could make such a chain, but I could not see how they could keep it from sinking to the bottom.

Now I see they have the chain fastened to big floating logs every few rods."

"That's the only way to float it," the sergeant explained. "The logs are anchored to the bottom and we put enough swivels in the chain, so the big thing can't get kinked and twisted. I tell you, lads, our engineers can do anything. I believe they could build a bridge or a dam across the Hudson, if Congress and Washington wanted it done."

At the appointed time the lads called for the letters Ganadoga was to carry back to Fort Stanwix, and after they had been furnished a substantial supper, they went down to the boat landing.

The wind was still from the north and they sat down on shore to wait for the tide to turn up-stream.

"My friend," said Ganadoga, "I thought much of one thing of which you have not told me. Where is your brother, Nathan? Is he with Washington or Lafayette, or where is he?"

A shadow passed over the white lad's face, as he began to tell what the Stillwell family knew of their oldest son.

“Nathan,” he began, “went with two surveyors to the Mohawk Valley just before the outbreak of the war, about six years ago, to survey a large land grant on the Mohawk River.

“Soon after the war began, he enlisted as a scout, and he was wounded in the battle of Oriskany. Later he sent us greetings from German Flats, telling us that he had recovered from his wound, and was in good health. Once he came as far east as Schenectady, but he never came down to Newburgh or West Point.

“Two years ago we learned that he had gone on scout duty to Oswego and Fort Niagara, and he sent word that he might have to go to the country of the Shawnees and other Western Indians. Father and Mother should not worry, he was in fine health and would take good care of himself. And that is the last we have heard of him.”

“It is all good news,” replied Ganadoga, “except that he has sent no word for two years. The Western Indians are all on the side of the English, who supply them with guns and ammunition and give them valuable

presents. It is told among the Oneidas that the English pay the Shawnees and other tribes for American scalps. That may be a lie, but they call the English commander at Detroit the Hair-Buyer. Many lies are flying through the air like birds. The soldiers on both sides often do cruel things that are not good fighting. Brant does not want his warriors to harm women and children and old men, but they do not always obey his orders when he is not present.

“ Who was the young boy in your father’s home, whom you called Jim? He is not your brother? ”

“ No, I fear Jim is an orphan now. His mother died a long time ago. His father, James Abbot, went down to New York a year ago and has never come back. There was a story that he was drowned in Hell Gate of the East River. Some say the British put him in prison as a spy, and others say that a British press-gang put him on board a man-of-war. Father says Jim is my shadow, because he is always with me. He sleeps with me, and sits next to me at meals. When he is with me he is happy.

He does not remember his mother and seldom speaks of his father. We had a hard time to make him stay at home last year, when I was called out with the militia. He insisted that he was big enough to live in camp with the soldiers."

"Did Nathan never write a letter home?" Ganadoga asked.

"No, he never learned to write very well," replied Jonas. "Mother and Father are both worrying night and day. You must have noticed that they look sad and weary. They say Nathan was always a dare-devil, and they fear that the Western Indians have killed him or taken him prisoner."

CHAPTER IV

A LONG PULL

THE Highlands behind West Point lay already in the deep shadows of evening, when the two friends started up the river for Newburgh; but Beacon Hill and the wooded slopes on the east side of the Hudson stood out like a well-lighted picture in all the glory of spring.

The lads were glad that the wind had died down. They bent themselves vigorously to the oars, and going with the tide they made good progress. There was little talk at the start, for each man was busy with his own thoughts.

Ganadoga was old enough and had seen enough of the world and the war to realize that his own people, the Iroquois, had come to the parting of the ways. For the first time in their history, the League of the Six Nations was hopelessly divided.

Sullivan's expedition into the Iroquois

country, and the destruction of the villages and cornfields of the Indians, had made all of the Six Nations, except the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, bitter and resentful enemies of the Americans, but it had by no means stopped the hostile tribes from waging war and making raids against the white settlements. Brant and his warriors were apt to appear anywhere and at any time.

The white settlers, who had not fled nor been killed in battle were herded together in some two dozen stockades scattered from Schenectady to Fort Stanwix, at the site of the present city of Rome, N. Y.

This fort controlled the ancient portage between the Mohawk River and Wood Creek which flows into Lake Oneida, from which a water route, down the Oneida and Oswego Rivers connected the Mohawk with Lake Ontario.

For the first time in their history, the Iroquois had lost control of this great route between the Hudson and the Great Lakes, but Brant and his warriors now made use of another route, which extended from Fort Niagara to the Susquehanna.

Ganadoga wondered what would happen to the Iroquois if the Americans won the war.

Jonas also was preoccupied with his own thoughts. Until recently he had been able to cheer up his parents, by telling them that Nathan was well versed in woodcraft and all the ways of the Indians, and that he was as cautious as he was fearless, and that they would surely soon hear of him or he would come home almost any day. But when the months dragged out into years and no word came, Jonas himself began to fear that there would never be any such thing as good news from Nathan.

Jonas, himself, had wished very much to enlist, but his father had been badly in need of him on the farm, and the Newburgh Committee had also opposed the plan.

“We need some young men,” they said, “to serve in our militia, and we need a few young men to help us raise corn and beef for the army.”

Unfortunately both of these arguments had much weight. Nobody could tell when the British would again try to pass the

obstructions at West Point and to gain control of the Hudson. If they ever succeeded in this attempt, they would cut New England off from New York and the Southern Colonies. Twice they had come dangerously close to it. There was no telling when there would be a sudden call for more men at West Point. A fire on Beacon Hill and on other high points at night and cannon shots heard in daytime were the signals for the immediate assembling of the militia.

The argument for young men needed to raise grain and corn may sound somewhat specious to a present-day reader, but it must not be forgotten that farm machinery was unknown in 1781, and that cutting grass and grain with a scythe is work of the most fatiguing kind, at which only a strong man can work all day.

“Doga, I have often wished that I could go and enlist,” Jonas broke the silence. “I often feel that I am not doing enough for our cause. You see I would work just as hard if the country were at peace, and I can never learn anything about Nathan while I stay at home and work on the farm.”

“ But if I enlist now, I’ll be sent south, and I am sure Nathan is not in Virginia or the Carolinas. If he is still alive, he is somewhere out West. He may be a prisoner at Fort Niagara, or he may be in the Ohio country or in Kentucky. He often told me that he wanted to see those regions, and if he could do so, he would go as far west as the Mississippi and hunt buffalo with the Indians.

“ Of course we talked that way before the war. A trader who had been in Ohio and the Illinois country told us that the land is very good there. He said there were no stones and rocks as here in New York and New England, and much of the rich land, he said, did not even have any trees on it. All you would have to do is to plow it and plant corn.”

“ But all that land belongs to the Indians,” Ganadoga objected. “ They welcome white traders, but they make war against all settlers.”

“ That is true,” admitted Jonas, “ but I would not be surprised if Nathan had bought goods of the British at Niagara or Detroit

and was trading with the Indians now. But it is more likely that he is taking part in the expeditions against the Western Indians. He never was afraid of any danger, and I never saw him lose his head.

“ I shall never forget the fight Nathan had with our big red bull, Billy. Nathan had raised him and made a pet of him from the time he was a funny little calf. But funny little Billy grew to be the biggest bull in the whole neighborhood, and when he was about five years old, he became ugly and acted as if he owned the farm. It started in spring, after the cattle were turned out to pasture, and at harvest time he had grown so ugly that he wouldn't budge for anybody but Nathan, and one day he made a stand against Nathan. I can still see the dirt flying over his back as he pawed the ground, and his roaring and bellowing had me scared out my wits, and I always thought Father, too, was scared by the mad beast.

“ Nathan, after trying in vain to make him move, went to the barn after the black-snake whip.

“ ‘ Don't you go near him, Nathan! ’

Mother begged. 'Please don't go near him.'

"But Nathan's anger was up.

"'I'll show him who is boss on this place,' he said, and went straight for Billy, calling him to move on. But Billy's fighting blood was up and he wouldn't move. He only pawed harder and bellowed louder; and pretty soon he started to charge at Nathan.

"Mother screamed, Father ran into the house after the gun, and I ran to the barn for a pitchfork.

"Well, when Father and I came out, Billy and Nathan were at the farther end of the pasture. Nathan had hold of Billy's tail with his left hand and with his right he swung the blacksnake on Billy's ribs. Billy turned his big bulk round and round as fast as he could, like a dog trying to catch his own tail. It was a very hot day, and Billy soon got tired dancing around. Then he tried to break away, but he couldn't loosen Nathan's grip. He started to jump the bars, but he couldn't make it, and all the time Nathan swung the blacksnake on his ribs and back. Before long Nathan had him so exhausted

that he rolled over in his tracks completely tired out, and Nathan sat on his neck, till Father came and put a ring in his nose.

“After that Billy was as gentle as a lamb, whenever he saw anybody coming at him with a blacksnake.”

It was midnight when the lads reached the Stillwell farm.

“Let’s get some blankets and sleep in the hayloft,” suggested Jonas. “If you don’t mind, Doga.”

Ganadoga said he would much rather sleep in the hayloft than in the house; and in a very short time the two lads, after their long pull up the Hudson, lay sound asleep on the fragrant hay.

CHAPTER V.

A QUICK DECISION

IT was long past sunrise when Jonas and Ganadoga came down from the hayloft. Jim had helped with the milking and had turned the cattle out to pasture. John Stillwell had gone out to repair some fences, not wire fences, but the old-time worm fences made of split rails of oak, walnut, ash, and other trees, which had to be cut down in clearing the land.

Mother Stillwell was getting ready a large quantity of rich sour cream for the churn. She had tied up the big old dog, Roger, in the woodshed, for it was Roger's job to work the churn; but it was a job which he disliked very much. When he saw Mrs. Stillwell bring up the cream pans from the cellar and rinse the churn, he would steal away to the woods, as if he suddenly remembered a woodchuck that needed his attention or a bone that should be dug up. If he had once left, it

was no use to call him. He knew what he was wanted for and would not come. On these occasions, one of the family had to do the churning, or the cream had to stand till next day. Roger's foresight, however, did not extend beyond the evil of the day, and he always came home in the evening.

Ganadoga had been told that he might visit a few days with his friends, because none of the letters to the forts in the Mohawk Valley was very urgent.

At the evening meal John Stillwell referred to his son Nathan, about whom both father and mother were so much grieved and worried.

Ganadoga could give no cheering news to Nathan's parents. In fact he could not give them any news at all. He had travelled up and down the Mohawk Valley. He had been among friends and enemies, among Indians and whites; he had been on scout duty as far west as Fort Niagara, but he had not seen Nathan.

Of course, all good scouts tried to see without being seen. They avoided the plain old trails and they travelled alone or in

parties of two or three. The white men often disguised themselves as Indians, and the Indians wore white men's clothes, if it suited their purpose; and when there was danger of having important letters intercepted they came and went under cover of darkness. Only when they carried papers that were intended to mislead the enemy, did they manage to have them intercepted or lose them where the enemy would find them.

All these things Ganadoga explained to the Stillwell family.

“I am sure,” he said, “that Nathan is a good scout. The Americans are much better scouts than the British, because they know the country and the British do not; so the British have to depend much on their Indian allies.”

“I know,” replied Stillwell, “that all you say is true, and for that reason I believe that our son may still be alive, although we have not heard from him for a long time.

“On the coast, near New York and in the South, where the British have no Indian allies, they have a hard time to find out

what the plans of Washington really are, while he is fooling them right and left. He sees through all their little ruses; and no matter what they do, they cannot divert him from any big plan which he may have in mind. If he had the ships, the men and the money they have, he would have captured every redcoat long ago. I am not surprised that they call him the Old Fox.

“I hear that just now he is worrying General Howe very much by the preparations he is making for besieging New York. Our Deputy Quartermaster here told me that Washington has actually set to work a number of masons building brick and stone bake-ovens on the Jersey shore opposite New York. Of course that can only mean siege operations against New York. I have not talked to any one about it, and I don't know what the militia officers here think about it, but my belief is that the whole thing will turn out a hoax, a sort of April Fool joke on General Howe.”

“I don't believe, Father, that we are going to besiege New York,” Jonas assented. “We have not enough men for that and we

have no navy. I think, when his time comes, Washington will suddenly forget all about those bake-ovens, trenches, and other preparations that are worrying General Howe. He will leave just enough men near New York, so the British will not be tempted to come up the Hudson to attack West Point, and then he will quickly march his army south and go after Cornwallis.

“Of course, we may all be wrong. Washington never publishes his plans. If he did, the British would know all about them; for there are still a good many Tories among us; and the British, of course, have their scouts and spies out.”

While this talk was going, Jonas had a feeling that his father did not really wish to discuss the war with him and Ganadoga, but wanted to learn if Ganadoga could suggest a plan by which the family might secure news of Nathan.

Next forenoon, while the two lads were talking things over in the orchard, Stillwell unburdened his mind to them.

“Lads,” he began, “Mother is worrying night and day about Nathan. Ganadoga,

do you know any way by which we might learn what has become of him? ”

The young scout was silent a minute, as if he hesitated to speak what was in his heart.

“ My father,” he replied then in the manner a young Indian was accustomed to speak to an older man, “ there may be a way. If you would allow Jonas to go with me to the Valley of the Mohawk and perhaps to Oswego, Ahwága we call it, where the valley widens, we may find him.

“ We may have to go to the fort on the roaring river Neegah, and we may have to search for him in the British towns on the great River Ganawanda in Canada. Or we may have to look for him among the Shawnees or in the Illinois country. It might be a long journey on which one man is soon worn out with fatigue and loss of sleep.”

“ Jonas may go with you,” Stillwell answered, “ and you may travel until you find him, or learn that he is dead.”

“ Father, I have long wanted to go,” Jonas spoke up, “ but I did not have the heart to say so to Mother. But if I go,

little Jim must go with me. He would be most unhappy and homesick without me. The boys here in town call him Tory, because a report spread that his father had deserted our cause and had gone over to the British. Jim has a fight every time he is in town. The fact is that James Abbot went to New York as one of our scouts, but I cannot tell that to the people in town."

"But supposing his father comes back, and finds the boy gone off with you to the Indian country?" Stillwell objected.

"James Abbot will never come back to Newburgh," Jonas answered with a slight quaver in his voice. "He was killed in New York in a fight with a British press-gang. When I made my last call at headquarters at West Point, an officer gave me a paper, in which I found the story only this morning."

"God rest his soul!" Stillwell spoke in a low voice. "There is another good man taken away. Then Jim may go with you, if you can take him."

"We can take the little white boy," Ganadoga assented. "I saw that he is strong of

limb and quick on his feet, and his keen brown eyes will read the signs on the trail better than the eyes of a man can read them; for a boy sees many things which a man passes by."

"Then you may go as soon as you are ready," said Stillwell turning toward the house. "I am going to tell Mother. And anything on the place, which you may need, is yours for the journey."

CHAPTER VI

A DREADED ENEMY

IT was clear that the Stillwells had already talked this matter over between themselves, for Stillwell came back in a short time and told the lads Mother was willing that Jonas and Jim should go with Ganadoga to the Indian country.

“ She says,” he reported, “ ‘ I can never be happy again until I know what has become of my son, Nathan. So let Jonas go with Ganadoga to find him; and Jonas may take little Jim with him, because the boy is not happy unless he is with Jonas, and Jonas can take care of him better than we can.’ ”

When Jim was told that he was to go with Jonas and Ganadoga to the Indian country, he looked in a dazed sort of way at Stillwell and ran out of the house. “ Where is the child going? ” asked Mother Stillwell as she stepped to the window. Jim was turning somersaults in the orchard.

Two days later, when wind and tide were both favorable, Jonas and Ganadoga pushed their boat into the broad channel of the Hudson.

Jim sat in the bow, where nothing that eyes could see escaped his notice. Ganadoga as well as Jim and Jonas were clad as farm lads of those days. They carried enough blankets to make themselves fairly comfortable in the cool nights of the Highlands, and some extra clothing for emergencies; but they had not taken a tent.

“We shall have to travel much,” Ganadoga had told them; “and a tent would be too heavy to carry. When it rains, we shall find a shelter or make one; or it may be we shall get wet. But that will be better than to carry a heavy tent every day, when we may only use it very seldom.”

To Jim the world was all sunshine. He was going on a long trip with Jonas, that was enough for him. The inevitable hardships and serious dangers ahead of the three travellers did not exist for him.

Jonas and his Indian friend, although both at the age of youthful daring, did not under-

rate the difficulty and danger of their venture. In fact, Jonas, on second thought, had almost decided that such a venture would be altogether too dangerous for Jim, and that Jim should stay at home. But Ganadoga had persuaded him to adhere to his original plan.

“A boy like little Jimmie,” he had argued, “can go where a man cannot go. Dangers and evil spirits that bring bad luck to a man will pass a boy, and his eyes are better than the eyes of a man.

“You say Little Jim is almost thirteen years old. He is small for a boy of that many years; but a boy who is small is stronger and can travel longer and is not so lazy as a boy who has grown too fast.”

“That is all true,” Jonas had admitted, “except what you say of bad luck and evil spirits. Aren’t the Oneidas Christians, and don’t you remember that Dr. Wheelock and Rev. Kirkland taught you that a belief in witchcraft and evil spirits is a heathen superstition?”

“Most of the Oneidas are Christians,” Ganadoga replied, “and when Rev. Kirk-

land talks to them, they do not believe in evil spirits; but when he goes away, the evil spirits return, and the Oneidas again believe in them. Our fathers have believed in them for many generations, and all our old men believe in them. Some of our young men tell Rev. Kirkland they do not, but I know that they lie to him."

Some thirty miles above Newburgh near the present town of West Park, which was for years the home of John Burroughs, the travellers made an early camp.

The bees were still buzzing in the fragrant hawthorn bushes, and the woods all around were alive with the song of birds. From thickets near the river came the flute notes and trills of the wood-thrush, while from the hemlock thickets higher up on the hillside rang out the vibrant love song of the hermit thrushes, the shyest and most retiring of our woodland songsters.

The robin has long since become a doorway bird of the white man, the wood-thrush is learning to live in our parks and on large shaded lawns; but the hermit thrush is as much a bird of solitudes and wild woods as

he was in the days when the Six Nations of the Iroquois were spread out over the whole of western New York.

Some of our birds act as if they welcomed the appearance of the white man. The phoebe will seek out every cabin in the forest, the swifts seem glad to forsake the insecurity of hollow trees for nests in deserted lumber camps, and unused chimneys.

The chickadees and catbirds will eye the camper with voluble curiosity, but I have never seen a hermit thrush come near a camp or cabin. One hears his wild song a hundred times without once setting eyes on the singer; and if you stalk him, he only recedes farther into the solitude of the forest. All through early summer you may hear him sing near your camp without once seeing him.

Jim had the campfire going by the time the older lads had secured the boat for the night. In a very few minutes tea was made, and Ganadoga enjoyed long draughts of white men's tea that contained no bad medicine. He thought of asking Jonas about the nature of taxation and the causes and objects of the war, but there seemed to come

no right moment for putting the question. So he remained silent. This war between the white men, and the system and ways of their government, and their religion was something an Indian could not understand. It seemed to Ganadoga that there were things in the white man's religion which the white men never put into practice.

So the two friends sat in silence beside a little brook, while Jim had run off after a woodchuck.

“Shall we give him some of your medicine?” asked Jonas, pointing to some young leaves of the skunk cabbage.

“No, that would be a dirty trick!” objected Ganadoga, “unless he gets very troublesome. I know other good medicines for such boys.”

“Jim will never be troublesome,” replied Jonas; “he is not that kind of a boy.”

For a little while after dark, the friends sat chatting around the campfire, but Jonas noticed that Ganadoga seemed to be ill at ease. He appeared intent upon peering into the darkness and listening for every sound in the woods.

“Doga,” Jonas began to tease him in a friendly manner, “you are not yet in the enemy’s country. That noise you heard came from some small animals.”

“Yes, I know it,” answered the Iroquois, “it is the little flying squirrels sailing from tree to tree. But I am not used to sit near the campfire after my evening meal; I always make my bed in another place. There is an evil spirit, an enemy,” he corrected himself, “who may be trying to find me.”

“An enemy?” asked Jonas. “You would not expect him at this place?”

“I do not know when I shall see him. I only know that some day I shall see him. An Indian who has an enemy is always looking for him, otherwise he would not see him when he comes.”

“Who is your enemy? Is it a white man or an Indian?”

“It is Kalohka, the son of a sachem among the Mohawks. At the last great council of the Iroquois Nation, four years ago in 1777 at Oswego, my father, who is a sachem amongst the Oneidas, as you know,

spoke for peace with the Americans, but Kalohka's father made a long speech for war and said all the tribes of the Iroquois should fight for the British, whose king was their king. Then Kalohka came to me and said, 'Ganadoga, my father is a brave warrior, but your father is a squaw and is afraid to take up the hatchet against the white rebels.' As soon as he said that, Kalohka and I had a fight."

"Did you lick him?" asked Jim, who had followed every word.

"I would have licked him, but some men came and took him away."

"Oh, that is nothing, Doga," Jonas broke in. "Boys fight to-day and are good friends to-morrow. I am sure Kalohka has forgotten all about it."

"No, he has not forgotten it," the Oneida spoke earnestly. "He is a bad Indian. He is my enemy and he wants to kill me. Listen to me a little longer and I shall tell you more.

"The Great Council at Oswego could not agree. The Mohawks and three other tribes spoke for war, but the Oneidas held out for

peace. So it was decided that each tribe should do as they pleased in this war. And now four tribes under Chief Brant are at war against the Americans and against their brothers, the Oneidas.

“Soon after the Great Council, the Mohawk warriors began to steal our corn and drive away our cattle. And some time ago our scouts learned that the Mohawk warriors with many British soldiers were going to come to the Oneida country and kill all our men. Then all our people left their beautiful country around Oneida Lake and their cornfields and orchards, and came to live near Schenectady. They go often hungry now, but they are farther away from their enemies and nearer their American friends.”

“But you are not telling us why Kalohka wants to kill you,” Jonas interrupted the speaker.

“I will tell you that,” the Oneida continued, “if you will let me speak a little longer.

“It was the last summer we lived in our own country. I was at work in our cornfield because my mother is getting too old

to hoe corn. We had three head of cattle. Rev. Kirkland had given my father a cow to help us to live like Christians and white people. We had also a heifer and a big red calf, and I always took care of them when I was at home.

“One day I heard the cow make very much noise with her bell, as if she was running about very fast. I thought a bear or a wolf had come out of the forest to kill her calf. I picked up my gun and ran toward the place, where the bell started ringing, and then I heard the bell go ringing down the trail that leads to Oswego. Then I knew it was not a bear or a wolf that had come after the red calf.

“When I had run about half a mile I saw two Indians driving away our cattle, but only one of them had a gun. When I came close up to them I gave a war-whoop, and knocked one of them down with the butt of my gun, but he sprang up again and ran away. I did not know him. The man who carried a gun was Kalohka. He tried to point his gun at me, but I struck it out of his hand. For a moment I thought that I would kill

him, but then I rushed at him and fought him the way I had learned at school, the way white men call boxing. I saw that he was trying to draw his knife, but he fell down before he had a chance to do it.

“Then a spirit in me said again, ‘Now kill him and scalp him.’ But another spirit said, ‘No, you are a Christian. It would be murder to kill him while he lies on the ground.’ The spirits spoke very quickly one after the other. Then I threw his knife away in the bushes, and I broke his gun on a rock, and then he woke up and looked around.

“‘Go away, Kalohka!’ I told him. ‘If you ever come to my father’s place again, I shall kill you.’

“For a moment he sat and looked at me, because he thought I was going to kill him. Then he jumped up and ran into the bushes.

“He is a bad man. If he ever finds me again, he will try to kill me. I read in his face what was in his heart.”

“Ganadoga, he will not hurt you, while Jonas and I are around!” called out Little Jim, who had been listening with breathless suspense.



“HE TRIED TO POINT HIS GUN AT ME, BUT I STRUCK IT OUT OF HIS HAND.”—Page 61.

And then the three picked up their blankets and lay down to sleep at some distance from their dead campfire.

CHAPTER VII

GANADOGA IS PUZZLED

BEFORE the travellers reached Albany, Jonas and Jim wished that they had carried some kind of tent with them. They had made camp about twenty miles below Albany on low ground near the river. It was some time before midnight when Jonas, who was a light sleeper, was awakened by the rumbling of thunder beyond the hills to the northwest.

He called his companion saying, "Get up, Doga. There is a storm coming, and we shall all get soaked and get everything wet."

Jonas had to repeat his call before Ganadoga sat up and rubbed his eyes. "You wouldn't wake up till it poured down on us," Jonas continued. "You will never wake up when Kalohka comes after you. Get up. We have to find another place. This place is going to be a mud-puddle pretty soon."

"We can sit under the boat," suggested

Ganadoga, "till the clouds pass over. They may pass over in a short time."

"Yes, they may," Jonas objected, "but it is more likely that it will rain all night and all day. It is getting cloudy all around us. If we cannot do any better, we must move to a higher place and put up some of our blankets for a shelter."

"I know of a deserted cabin," said Ganadoga, "but it is half a mile away near the trail."

"Can you find it in the dark?" asked Jonas. "It is getting very dark."

Ganadoga thought he could find it. He had slept in it one night, when he was coming down the trail to West Point.

"We must go there," Jonas decided. "I don't want to sit in the mud under the boat for hours; that is too much like catching snipe in a sack."

Ganadoga laughed at this and began to roll up his blankets.

"Roll out, Jim, roll out!" Jonas called. "We are going to move."

"Who is coming?" Jim asked as he sprang to his feet.

“ A big storm is coming, and we are going to get soaked if we don't move out of here pretty quick,” Jonas told him.

The three picked their way through brush and over rocks. Jim stumbled into a thornbush and scratched his face, but after a little search Ganadoga, assisted by flashes of lightning, found the cabin.

“ It smells a little of skunks,” said Jim.

“ They will not trouble us,” replied Ganadoga, “ if we put our food up high, so they cannot smell it.”

“ That cabin is no good,” remarked Jonas. “ The roof is full of holes.”

“ I know it is bad,” admitted Ganadoga, “ but I fix it pretty soon. I make it dry on one side,” and with that he went into the woods with his hatchet.

In a short time he returned with several large pieces of bark, which he quickly tied over the holes with strings of basswood bark, which he had stripped off some young sprouts near the cabin.

“ How can you find these things in the dark? ” asked Jim.

“ The Oneida boys,” the scout told him,

“live and play in the woods and learn to know the trees and the bushes in the dark by touch and smell.”

Very soon the rain began to come down, and the travellers squatted in the driest place they could find. On the side opposite them, the water fell spattering on the floor in big drops and streams. The side which had been fixed was not quite dry either. Ganadoga said he could not see the little holes in the dark, but some of the big ones he remembered from the last time he had slept in the cabin. When the worst of the storm was over, the three spread their blankets on the driest part of the floor, and when one side of Jim's blanket became wet from a leak in the roof, Jim wriggled a little closer to his big friend and soon fell asleep in spite of wind and rain.

When morning came, it was still raining and more and still more masses of low-hanging clouds were drifting down over the river.

Ganadoga went outside with his hatchet, and although every stick and stump in the woods seemed to be thoroughly soaked, he soon returned with some dry punkwood and

a supply of chips cut out of a dead pine and in a few minutes with the aid of his flint and steel he had the smoke curling up in the fireplace. And when maple and hemlock sticks began to crackle in the blaze, the wet and dreary old cabin was transformed into a very homelike camp.

The travellers made their tea and fried their bacon over the coals. Then the young Iroquois set to work on the roof. "I shall make it dry," he said, "all dry, where we sleep."

While the white lads gathered a supply of dead wood which they broke and cut into sticks and billets for the fireplace, Ganadoga covered the leaks in the roof. Then they hung up their blankets on poles and sticks before the fire, for the roof had been very far from being really rain-proof.

"We shall not travel to-day," said Ganadoga, when he had finished and sat down before the fire. "It is going to rain all day, and the wind is wrong on the river."

Jim had hoped that the Oneida scout would tell of his boyhood and his scouting experiences, or that he would tell just how

he expected to find Nathan, and to what places he intended to lead them; but Ganadoga was in no talking mood. It seemed to Jim that he sat for hours gazing into the fire without batting an eye.

Although Jonas had fastened the boat to a tree with a chain and padlock, Jim scrambled down to the river through the wet brush to make sure that the boat was still there.

The sight of Jim, when he returned dripping wet, seemed to arouse Ganadoga. "Little brother," he spoke laughing, "go now and find some more wood before you take off and dry your wet clothes. We need much more wood to last us through the day and the night."

Some of the wood, which Jim brought in, Ganadoga rejected.

"Little Brother," he explained, "these sticks will make no flames and leave no coals. They were lying flat on the ground when you picked them up. They are nothing but wet punk for all kinds of little mushrooms to grow on, red, black, and white ones. You should take these sticks out and bring in

branches that stand up above the underbrush, or dead branches that you break off the trees. Such wood may be wet on the outside, but the inside is dry and sound, and the worms and the ants have not eaten it."

Then the Oneida again sat in silence looking into the fire, and when Jonas asked where his thoughts were carrying him, he replied that he was trying to see the future of his people.

"If the Americans win this war," he said, "will not the four tribes of the Iroquois be homeless, the Mohawks, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas? They say they must fight for the king, because they have made a covenant with him. But if the king's soldiers win the war, will not my own tribe, the Oneidas, be homeless for all time? They are homeless now. They have left their own country in great fear of their brothers, who are now their enemies. For since the tribes could not agree at the last Great Council at Oswego, sad times have come upon the Iroquois nation, and brothers have taken up the hatchet against brothers. It is an evil, the like of which our oldest men cannot re-

member. It has not happened since the Five Nations made a sacred League of Peace a long time ago; and when the Tuscaroras came to us in distress our fathers let them come into the league.

“ But now the sacred covenant chain has been broken, and perhaps the Great Council of the Iroquois will never meet again. Evil days have come over all my people. The fields and orchards of all the six tribes are destroyed, our bark houses are burnt, and the wild animals of the forest are coming back to live in our villages.

“ We do not understand this war, and do not know what is right and what is wrong. Joseph Brant and the Mohawk sachems tell us we should fight for the king. Our friend Rev. Kirkland tells us the king is a bad man, and it is wrong for him to send over his soldiers and big ships with guns. Most of the Oneidas believe that our friend speaks the truth, but some of our young men have joined the Mohawks.

“ The white men do not fight each other for scalps or for hunting-grounds, and our people cannot understand why they fight

each other. When Rev. Kirkland tries to tell us, he uses many words which are not in our speech, and so our men go away without knowing what he has spoken.”

“The Americans will win this war,” Jonas asserted with confidence, “and I hope that your people will not be homeless when peace comes. Father and the wise men in Newburgh think that we shall soon hear good news.”

“There has been no good news for the Oneidas,” replied the Indian, “since the king’s general, Burgoyne, was made a prisoner; and that was bad news for the other tribes of the Iroquois.

“Some of our people think,” the Oneida continued, “that the white people will always be at war amongst themselves, just like the Indians that are not in the Iroquois League.”

CHAPTER VIII

SCOUTING FOR NEWS

“YOUR thoughts are gray,” replied Jonas, “like the low clouds that drift down the Hudson. To-morrow, when the sun smiles again over the valley, you will believe with me that we may soon hear good news. The white people will not always be at war like the Indians. The war will soon be over, and then both white men and Indians will enjoy peace.”

“My eyes can see nothing but war for a long time ahead,” asserted Ganadoga sadly. “When the white men stop fighting, some of the Indians will have no home, and then they will make more war.”

It did rain all day and most of the night, as Ganadoga had predicted; but he did not again speak of the hopeless future of his people. When Jim expressed his impatience at the rain and the delay, Ganadoga smiled and said, “This is a good camp, Little

Brother. Look at the play of the flames, and listen to the talk of the logs in the fire and to the song of the rain on the roof. If the clouds have passed over after we have slept again, we shall travel to Albany. There we shall meet many friends, and ask them about the young man, whose long absence has made sad the eyes of his old parents."

"If we find Nathan at Albany," Jonas said with feeling, "I shall punch him and make his eyes sad for not letting his parents know where he is. There are a good many young men, whom I should like to punish, because they are heartless to their old fathers and mothers."

The travellers remained several days at Albany. Ganadoga delivered a few letters, and he induced the quartermaster to furnish him and his friends something to eat and a place to sleep.

"I shall talk with the soldiers and with Indians, if I find any," the Oneida told his friend. "But you go to the taverns and talk to the white men. A few things which we wish to buy, you must buy of the white

traders, for most of them try to cheat an Indian when he comes to their stores to buy anything.”

One of the innkeepers remembered that about two, or maybe three years ago, he had talked with a tall blond man, who had a little scar on his right cheek.

“I am through here,” the young man had said. “The war has gone dead on the Hudson and the Mohawk. There is nothing for me to do. I am going west to-morrow.”

“I think that young man was Nathan,” Jonas told his friend. “The words sound like Nathan’s talk, and the description fits him, but the innkeeper has seen or heard nothing of him since.”

“Then we must go on to the Indian country,” decided the Iroquois. “We must paddle our boat up this river and then we must paddle up the Mohawk to Schenectady, where we shall stop with my own people, the Oneidas. I shall speak to them as to my brothers and they will give truthful answers.”

Ganadoga found several Indians at Albany, but none of them could give infor-

mation about Nathan. The young scout had really not expected to secure any news from them. He knew well that the whole Mohawk Valley had been in a state of war and confusion for years. Moreover, the Indians were exceedingly wary about giving information, for fear of becoming involved in trouble with either one side or the other. And as the Iroquois themselves were divided in this war, they not only distrusted all strange white men, but one Indian was suspicious of another.

After a few more days of trying to discover some trace of the lost white scout, Ganadoga said they should leave the white man's town and start for the Mohawk Valley and the Iroquois country.

"This morning," he told his friends, "I walked up the river Skanehtáde for some miles to see how the current runs, and I found the water muddy and the current running fast and logs and branches floating down, which tells me that the clouds have poured much water into the river and that it will be hard work to row against the current. We must, therefore, leave our boat

here and travel on foot on the trails of the Iroquois."

Jonas was not impressed with the plan of Ganadoga to abandon the boat and to travel over land.

"You know, Doga," he argued, "that travelling overland is hard work and that a man cannot carry much luggage on his back. Jim cannot carry more than his blanket and his light gun, or he will soon be tired out."

"My brother, I have thought of that," replied Ganadoga. "But you must remember that the tides from the sea do not run farther up the river Skanehtáde, the Hudson as white men call it, than to Albany. After we leave this town the current will always run against us, and the Mohawk River comes down its own valley with a swift current. Both rivers are now full to the trees that grow on their banks, and when a river is high, it runs faster than it does when the water is low. It would be hard work rowing against the current.

"Then you must remember that the distance to Schenectady by boat is twice as far as by trail and road."

Then Ganadoga drew a triangle on a piece of paper. "If we go in our boat," he continued, "we must make two sides of this figure, but if we take the trail, we cut across on one side; and I know all the short cuts of the trail. We shall carry only our guns and our blankets and enough food for one day; for we can get more food at Schenectady."

"We shall do as you say," Jonas submitted.

"We must start early to-morrow," advised the Oneida, "before the sun rises, so that not all the people in town may learn which way we went. And you must try to sell our boat, if you can do so."

Jonas managed to sell the boat for ten dollars to some men who were going down the river, and before sunrise next morning the three friends walked out of Albany.

As they left the barracks, Ganadoga gave the countersign to the sentry, who let them pass without objection.

"Good luck to you, lads," he spoke. "Don't let the warriors of Joe Brant get your scalps. And when you come back

bring us some good news from George Washington. He will have to fight it out with Cornwallis. We can't do anything here. We know that the Mohawk warriors of Brant are making raids in the Mohawk Valley and on the Susquehanna, but we have not men enough to chase the rascals out of the country. If we had, we would make them all stay with the British at Fort Niagara, and I reckon they would soon eat the king poor.

“Good luck to you! And don't lose that small boy.”

The people in Albany were still asleep, but several dogs barked lustily as the lads walked down a muddy side street.

“Everything that looks a little unusual,” remarked Jonas, “will make a dog bark. If we did not carry guns and blankets, the curs would let us pass without waking the town.”

“Jonas, we are going the wrong way,” said Jim, after they had passed out of the town. “We are going back to Newburgh, as sure as you are alive.”

“Never mind, Jim,” the older lad assured

him, "Ganadoga is our guide and I think he knows what he is doing."

When they had gone about half a mile, the Oneida turned to the river bank, and under some overhanging bushes they found an Indian in an elm-bark canoe.

After Ganadoga had spoken a few words to the Indian, he told Jonas and Jim to sit down in the bottom of the canoe. The canoe looked scarcely large enough to hold four, and both Jonas and Jim were a little afraid to trust themselves to the tippy-looking craft.

"You must sit still," Ganadoga cautioned them, "and you must not put your hands on the sides of the canoe."

Ganadoga was the last to enter. When he had taken his seat in the stern, both he and the other Indian took a short paddle. With quick short strokes they kept the canoe headed down-stream, and in a very short time they landed on the west shore of the Hudson about a mile below the town.

Ganadoga spoke a few parting words to the Indian and gave him a loaf of bread.

Then he took up his pack and gun and led the way on a trail into the forest.

“Who was the Indian with the canoe?” asked Jim, still bewildered at the way in which Ganadoga had led them out of the white man’s town.

“He is an Oneida of my own tribe,” replied Ganadoga. “He is a scout like myself. He is here to keep his eyes on the Indians that come to Albany.”

CHAPTER IX

THE FIRST TRAIL

JIM'S curiosity had been aroused by the way Ganadoga had left Albany. He could understand why they left so early in the morning, but why had they gone a mile in the wrong direction? And why did they go in a canoe? Why did they not walk a mile down the road and then turn off?

But Jim had no chance to ask any questions now. Ganadoga led the way on a winding trail through the forest. He did not seem to be going fast at all, but Jim had a hard time to keep up. With a slight stoop and his toes turned in a little, the young Oneida seemed to be gliding through the forest with long easy steps, as if travelling were no effort at all. Unconsciously he had struck the gait that was easiest for himself, but it was a little fast for the white boy not used to make long journeys on foot.

Jim was much interested in everything he

saw along the trail, but if he loitered even a few seconds to watch a woodchuck, that crossed the trail or a red squirrel that ran up a tree with some strange white object in its mouth, he had to dog-trot after his companions, who had already passed out of sight. And Jim had an uncanny feeling that they might even be out of hearing. He wondered why Ganadoga was in such a hurry. Perhaps he was afraid of Kalohka.

Another thing Jim noticed on his first march: Jonas and Ganadoga travelled in silence, only now and then did they exchange a few words in a low voice; and when Jim asked any questions, they answered him as briefly as possible.

After they had been walking about an hour, although it seemed to Jim that they must be half-way to Schenectady, Jonas asked Ganadoga to stop.

“It is time, Doga,” he said, “that we eat our breakfast. You start out like an Indian runner who must make fifty miles a day, but Jim cannot travel so fast, and you know that white men like to eat a meal before they do much travelling.”

They sat down near a brooklet, and Ganadoga took from his pack a loaf of bread, some butter and bacon. They ate a little of the bacon without cooking it, for Ganadoga said they should eat only a light meal now and should not stop to build a fire. "We still have to travel almost fifteen leagues, or thirty miles, till we reach my people, the Oneidas, at Schenectady," he told his friends.

After their simple breakfast the three friends again took up the trail, and Jim noticed that Ganadoga avoided passing close to the houses of the settlers.

A white man's wagon road had already been cut out at this time from Albany to Schenectady, but after the spring rains it was in a bad condition, like nearly all American country roads till the advent of the automobile. The army wagons and other heavy freight wagons that had to be hauled from Albany to Schenectady and to the stockades and forts still held by the Americans in the Mohawk Valley had cut such deep ruts into the soft ground that foot travel was much easier on the old Iroquois trails and on the game trails in the woods

than on the main road. But Ganadoga had another reason for avoiding the road. He did not wish to be seen by any chance travellers and by the farmers who lived along the road.

Although Jonas had requested Ganadoga to travel more slowly, Jim still had all he could do to keep up the pace set by the Iroquois scout.

Jonas offered to carry Jim's gun, but to this Ganadoga objected. "The boy must learn to carry his own gun," he insisted. "I do not think we shall have to fight any Indians or British scouts on our march to Schenectady, but a man who does not carry his own gun might just as well not have a gun. After the boy has carried his gun a few days, it will no longer feel heavy to him."

Spring was now in full swing over the Mohawk Valley. Many shrubs and flowers were in bloom, and the birds were all in full song. Jim recognized the wood-thrushes and vireos, the loud scream of the great fly-catcher, the drumming of grouse and the rattling call of the woodpeckers hammering on dry branches.

But he had little time or inclination to heed all these sights and sounds which are the delight of every wide-awake boy and girl off on a vacation. He fancied that he was even now travelling through a country of hostile Indians just as Washington did when he marched through the wilderness with Braddock. He would not have been surprised if some Indian had fired at them from ambush. In that case, he had made up his mind that he would not foolishly expose himself like Braddock and his British red-coats; no, he would jump behind the nearest big tree and watch for the Indian to show himself first.

He was firmly convinced that they were marching through a very dangerous country; for Ganadoga hardly ever spoke a word, but Jim felt that he was all the time listening for sounds ahead and that he was scanning the forest on both sides of the trail. That Jim had been made to march between Ganadoga and Jonas and that Ganadoga had insisted that Jim carry his gun was further evidence to him of the really dangerous character of the country.

In the middle of the forenoon the Oneida suddenly stopped and made his companions understand by signs that they should quickly leave the trail and lie down flat behind a log. The two white lads had scarcely obeyed his signals, when an Indian passed quickly and silently along the trail. The white lads caught barely a glimpse of him as he disappeared down the trail, but Ganadoga raising himself on his hands watched him from the moment he came in sight.

“Who was it?” whispered Jim trembling with excitement over the terrible danger they had just escaped.

“Oneida scout,” Ganadoga answered briefly.

“If he is a friend, why didn’t you speak to him?” asked Jim eagerly.

“He is my friend,” Ganadoga replied, “but friends often talk too much. If he had seen us, he might have talked about us in Albany.”

“How did you know he was coming?” Jim wished to know.

“I heard a noise,” Ganadoga told him, “something like the rattle of a kettle in a

pack, and I knew that it was not a noise made by an animal, and so I knew a man was coming down the trail."

"I didn't hear it," replied Jim, "and Jonas didn't hear it."

"You did not hear it," Ganadoga said with a smile, "because you were not thinking of man noises, you were thinking of other things."

"When I first began to run as a scout, the Mohawks came twice near killing me because I had not learned to pick out the man sounds from other sounds in the woods."

"How can you learn to be a good scout?" asked Jim.

"A good scout," answered Ganadoga, "must see or hear the other man first."

"Yes," Jonas joined in, "that is all there is to it. It is very simple. But now we have rested long enough. Let us march. It is almost noon, and we are not half-way to Schenectady."

About an hour later, the trail crossed the Albany and Schenectady road and the travellers saw some wagons coming in the distance, headed for Albany.

Ganadoga went along the trail for a short distance. Then he left the trail and laid down his pack near a spring.

“Here, my friends,” he said, “you may rest and eat, while I go to see whose wagons they are that are coming for Albany. Perhaps the drivers have some news from the Iroquois country and the war in the West.

“But the little brother must not eat all he can eat, because a full stomach is too slow on the trail.”

Jonas and Jim made another meal of bread, butter, bacon, and water from the spring. Jonas would not allow Jim more than two large slices of bread, although Jim claimed that he could eat about six.

When the two white boys had finished their lunch, they lay down on their blankets because Ganadoga had not yet returned; and in a very short time Jim was fast asleep.

He awoke with a start and saw Jonas and Ganadoga sitting on a log looking at him.

“Oh, Jonas!” he exclaimed, “I dreamed that a big Indian was aiming his gun at me from behind a tree. How long did I sleep?”

Ganadoga told his friends that the two

wagons they saw had come down from Schenectady; and that he had been away so long because one of them became stuck in the mud, and it took all eight horses of the two wagons to pull it out. There were two discharged soldiers from Fort Stanwix with the drivers.

These men told that the garrison at the fort was very much discouraged and almost ready to mutiny. They had nothing to eat but flour and spoiled bacon, they were poorly clad and had only a few rounds of ammunition.

The rivers and creeks were all very high, and many of the roads and trails were flooded.

The settlers in the stockades were all very much discouraged because Congress and Washington did not send them any help. The Indians, who had been quiet during the winter, had begun their raids again. Cattle were being stolen, and it was not safe for a man to go alone any distance from the stockades. If something were not done very soon, all the whites west of Schenectady would have to leave the country.

“That is all bad enough,” Jonas admitted. “But Congress has neither money nor credit. Our paper money is almost worthless, and gold has disappeared long ago.

“Washington cannot risk splitting his small army; if he did, the British could easily destroy the different parts. Father says that Washington has a more difficult task than any general ever had. If it had not been for his skill and boldness and brave endurance, we should have lost the war long ago. No other man in America could have held out so long against the superior power of England. The British generals cannot trap him, but he strikes boldly and swiftly whenever they expose themselves.

“Father says if the French will just keep the British fleet out of Chesapeake Bay for a few weeks, Washington and Lafayette will soon make things lively for Cornwallis. Our men are better fighters now than they ever were, because Baron Steuben has finally gotten some discipline into them.”

“Brothers, we must go,” urged Ganadoga. “I fear it will be dark before we reach the Oneida village.”

Again they wound along the trail in silence. Jim was no longer so excited as in the forenoon, because he had begun to understand that caution had become a habit with Ganadoga, and that he would observe the rules of scouting while strolling through a farmer's cornfield just as naturally as he did in the most dangerous Indian country.

CHAPTER X

A HARD PACE

JIM held out well in the afternoon, but Jonas soon realized that they could not reach Schenectady in daylight. Ganadoga, however, still seemed to be intent on spending the night with his own people, for without realizing it, he set a hard pace for the young white boy.

Jim gave up looking either to right or left. The squirrels scampering up the trees and scolding at the travellers no longer interested him. He did not seem to hear the singing of the birds, and even a deer snorting in a thicket near the trail brought no word of comment from him. He wished very much that Ganadoga would stop for a short rest, but he did not have the courage to ask him. He was leaning forward now like Ganadoga, but his gun seemed to be getting heavier, and he had to take care not to stumble over roots and stones on the trail.

Jim wondered if they would do such hard marching every day. He was getting so tired that he almost wished that he had stayed at home in Newburgh.

The trail now wound into a low place, where many large roots lay exposed. Jim slipped on one of them and fell down flat on his face in the mud. Both Jonas and Ganadoga could not help laughing at the sight of Jim, as he scrambled to his feet and began to wipe the mud off his face and his clothing and was almost ready to cry. But as soon as he had cleaned his face and scraped most of the mud off his clothing, he again fell into his place behind Ganadoga and marched bravely on.

The Oneida, however, seemed to be less in a hurry since Jim's fall, and when the sun was still three hours high, he laid down his pack and said:

“ We must go into the timber and look for a good camping-place. It would be too hard for Little Brother to march to Schenectady before we sleep.

“ We must camp on the leeward side of the trail,” he added, “ for in that way people

who pass on the trail cannot smell our fire.

“ We have not very much food, so I must go and look for some game.” With these words he took his hunting bow from his pack and went into the woods.

In a very short time he returned with a gray squirrel and a grouse already cleaned and dressed. Then he put a few pieces of bacon inside the game and, with thin strings of basswood, he tied strips of bacon on the outside of the game.

“ My brother,” he said to Jonas, “ a white hunter taught me to cook game this way. If you will make some white man’s tea in my kettle, while Little Brother helps me to broil the game, we shall soon make a feast, and the boy will forget that he was tired and fell in the mud.”

Jim had already forgotten that he was tired, but when he smelled the sizzling bacon and saw the fresh meat turn brown and creamy white, he grew very hungry and his mouth began to water, and he could hardly wait till the meat was done, and till Ganadoga cut the squirrel and the grouse into

three pieces and put the hot meat on a piece of clean bark.

“Now, Little Brother,” he said smiling, “we shall make an Indian feast, and we have plenty of time, for the sun is still two hours high.”

“I wish to add something good to our feast,” said Jonas, and he toasted slices of bread over the red coals and spread plenty of butter over the hot brown slices before he handed them to his two hungry friends.

Jim forgot that he had been tired and felt ashamed that he had regretted coming with Jonas and Ganadoga, and he made up his mind that some day he would show the boys of Newburgh how to make a real Indian feast.

Nothing remained of Jonas’s sweetened tea, and Ganadoga’s game all disappeared, only some bread and butter was left for breakfast.

Jonas wanted to go down in a hollow to sleep, but the Oneida objected to that place.

“It is still early in the season,” he said. “The night is going to be cold in all the hollows, but the air will be warm on the hills.

I do not know why that is so, but when I first travelled with my father on the trails of the Iroquois we always made our camp on the hillsides in early spring and in fall. In summer we camped in shady places, where the wind drove the mosquitoes away. Only in winter we made our camp in the hollows, where the cold wind could not strike us.

“ I remember that my father once pointed to a hollow, where an early frost of autumn had killed all the wild cucumber vines, and reddened the sumach leaves.

“ ‘ Look, my son,’ he said. ‘ The spirits of winter are coming out of the earth in the hollows. You must not make your camp there; for in such places the spirits of winter will chill your limbs and make your blankets wet with a cold dew, which falls on the earth like a gray fog. In winter you may camp there, for then the spirits of winter are everywhere, but the cold winds cannot strike you in the hollows.’

“ We must now go,” Ganadoga continued, “ to find a good camp on a hillside, where we can feel the warm breath of the spirits of

summer, who at this season dwell on the hillsides as my father has taught me. Before we go, Little Brother, you must pour water on our fire, so the Mohawk scouts cannot smell our camp, for a good scout can smell a fire a mile away."

In a short time, the Oneida had found a level spot on a west-facing hillside.

"My brothers," he said, as he laid down his pack and leaned his gun against a tree, "we have not many blankets, so you must help me make a warm camp. If you will bring me some poles and cut some brush of hemlock and pines, I shall build us a brush house so the stars cannot look on our bed, for a bed on which the stars and the moon can look down is a cold bed, and the man that sleeps in such a bed wakes up many times in the night, because he is cold, and in the morning his limbs are stiff so he cannot make a long march, and his eyes and ears are not keen on the trail."

In a short time the Oneida had built a brush shelter in the shape of a low tent, using strings of basswood bark for tying poles and boughs securely in place, as the

Iroquois had done for many generations in the construction of their bark houses.

When the shelter was finished, the campers covered the ground with leaves, dry grass, and boughs; and soon after sunset each rolled up in his blanket, Jim being assigned to the warmest place between the two young men.

Jim thought it would be fine if they could have a fire in front of the open shelter, but Ganadoga would not consent to it.

“Little Brother,” he said, “an Indian scout never sleeps near a fire in a country where the scouts of the enemy may be looking for him. We cannot have a fire, but I shall close our sleeping-house with plenty of boughs.”

“He is afraid of Kalohka,” thought Jim, but while Jonas and the Oneida were still talking in a low voice, Jim fell asleep.

The lads had forgotten to put their food up in a tree, and Ganadoga arose to drive away a skunk, who came nosing around the camp. Later in the night the Oneida arose again to drive off a prowling porcupine, but Jim heard neither skunk nor porcupine, and

did not wake up till Jonas called him for breakfast.

Men who travel and sleep in the open and do not depend on clocks and watches are awakened by the first light of day like the birds of the forest.

The stars had just faded from the sky when Ganadoga arose.

“Brother,” he said to Jonas, “let us make some sweet tea and toast some bread for the boy, so he can march without stumbling over the roots on the trail. We are still ten miles from the Oneida village, and I do not know if my people have any food to spare.”

When breakfast was ready, Jonas called, “Get up, Jim! If you are going to sleep like a woodchuck every night, the Mohawks are going to carry you off. Now come and eat your toast before it gets cold.”

And while the boys were eating their meal, the sun rose over the trees below, and made countless sparkling diamonds of the dew-drops on the grass and flowers around them.

CHAPTER XI

REAL DANGER

THE march to Schenectady did not seem long. The sun had dried the trail, which led gently down-hill for a part of the distance; and Ganadoga had struck the pace that was easy for Jim.

The sun had not yet reached its highest place in the sky when Ganadoga led the way into a secluded thicket of sassafras, sumach, and witch-hazel.

“We are now less than a mile,” he told his friends, “from the village of my people. You must now rest here and wait till I go and bring you some food.”

“Why can’t we go along, Doga?” asked Jim. “The Oneidas will know that we are friends, if we come with you.”

“Little Brother,” Ganadoga answered pleasantly, “that is not the reason why you cannot go to the Oneida village. If you go with me, all the dogs will make a great bark-

ing, and all the people will know that white strangers have come with me, and they will talk to me less freely than if I come alone.

“For, like good white children, Indians do not talk freely in the presence of strangers. And the more strangers wish to know a thing, the less my people wish to tell it to them.”

Before Ganadoga left his friends, he exchanged his white man's clothes for that of an Indian hunter, which he had brought along in his pack.

“If I come to the village dressed like a white man,” he said, “the dogs will set up a great barking, just the same as if you went with me. But if I dress as an Indian hunter, I can quietly slip into my parents' bark house and I can learn all the news, and none of my people will be suspicious, but they will talk freely and tell me the truth.”

Jim underwent a severe trial of his patience on this occasion. The noon hour passed and there was no sign of Ganadoga. Another hour went by and still another without the Oneida's return. The sky became cloudy and Jim thought it would soon

be dark, and it looked as if it might rain during the night.

“These sassafras bushes would make a fine shelter in a big rain,” he said, “with nothing to eat! I wish we had gone with Ganadoga to the Indian village.”

“You might as well quit grumbling, Jim,” Jonas admonished him. “If you are going to act like a peevish little girl, you had better go back to Newburgh now. Here you will have to do what Ganadoga asks you to. The Indian country is no place for spoiled babies. Why don’t you lie down and go to sleep?”

Jim did not reply to these words, but he rolled up in his blanket, head and all, so the flies could not annoy him, and tried to forget that he was hungry.

It was late in the afternoon when they heard the sound of a whistle, which was the signal by which their Oneida friend was to announce his return. A moment later he stood before his white friends.

“The young boy is very hungry,” he said, “but I could not come back sooner and bring you food. My brother brought in a deer at

noon, which he killed a long way off. My mother has cooked some venison and baked some cakes of corn meal for you."

Jonas and Jim both found the food very good, but they were interested to know if Ganadoga had heard any news of Nathan.

"You cannot get big news from Indians so quickly," Ganadoga told them with a smile. "I have to stay with my people several days and talk to them of many things, and, maybe, smoke with the old men, as they sit in the sunshine. It is only in that way that they will tell me all they know."

While the white boys were eating, Ganadoga sat in silence, as if he were again thinking of the future of his people.

When they had finished eating he told them to take up their things as he was going to show them a place where they could stay over night.

"Aren't we going to sleep in the Oneida village?" asked Jim, much disappointed at this plan.

"No, Little Brother," Ganadoga answered, "you must not be seen in the village till I have talked with my people."

Then the Oneida led the way into the timber for half a mile and stopped in front of a vacant cabin in a small clearing. The clearing had been planted with corn.

“That is my brother’s cornfield,” he told them. “When you get tired of resting, you may work in his field. You will find a hoe in the cabin.”

The cabin looked very desolate. The door and two small window sash, the stove, table, and chairs had all been taken away.

“The soldiers carried everything away,” Ganadoga told them, “when they helped to build huts for the Oneidas. The white man who built this house and cleared the field was killed in the fight at Cherry Valley.

“You must sleep on the floor above,” Ganadoga cautioned, “and you must keep all your things there. When you go up, you must pull the ladder after you, and you must do no loud talking after you lie down to sleep. I must now go back to my people, but I shall come back some time to-morrow. Little Brother may go and fish in the creek, but you must not leave your guns in the house when you go away; you must always

take them with you. It may be that the Mohawk scouts of Joseph Brant will come to this country, and if they see that you have no guns, they will rush up and take your scalps or lead you away as prisoners."

When Ganadoga had left, the white lads took their packs to the loft. Some Indians or white scouts had evidently slept there before, and they had left the hay on which they had slept.

"Let us make our beds now," said Jonas, "for the loft has no window and we shall not be able to see a thing after dark."

It seemed very lonesome after Ganadoga had gone, and it grew dark early, because a bank of heavy clouds was coming up from the west.

"I think it is going to rain," said Jim, as they were sitting under a tree near the clearing. "I can hear thunder. Aren't you afraid to sleep in this house, Jonas? I wish we could sleep outside under the trees."

Jonas did not answer the boy's question. "We can't sleep under the trees," he said. "They would not shelter us against the rain, and it is safer to sleep in the loft. We

might as well go up and lie down. You must be tired, Jim."

"No, I am not a bit tired now," replied Jim, "but I am scared. The house with no door and windows looks awfully spooky. I never slept in a place like that."

The storm came up slowly but at last it broke with great fury.

"Jonas, are you asleep?" whispered Jim. "Just listen how it pours down. We would surely get soaked out under the trees. I am glad that Ganadoga found a house for us that has a better roof than the house on the Hudson. The Mohawk scouts would not travel in this kind of weather, would they, Jonas?"

"No, I guess they denned up somewhere, when they saw the storm coming, if any of them are in the neighborhood. But I don't think the raiders would come so far east."

The lads could see the flashes of lightning only through the chinks between the logs, but there were terrible crashes of thunder in the forest around them. Jim crept a little closer to his big friend, and

when the crashes of thunder had passed over to the east, whence they came back in long rumbling peals, he fell asleep.

When the lads awoke, the forest was ablaze in a flood of sunlight under a deep blue sky. The birds were singing everywhere in the woods. A pair of robins were busy hunting worms in the cornpatch and a phoebe, whose nest had been built inside the vacant house, was calling from the roof, jerked his tail and darted at passing insects. The young corn seemed to have started growing actively, but a tall shattered white pine on the edge of the clearing told of the violent storm and lightning of the night.

Jim tried fishing in the creek, while Jonas sat leaning against a tree with two loaded guns close at hand.

“Jonas, why don't you fish?” asked Jim. “I wish I could find some big angleworms like those we had at Newburgh. I don't think fish bite much on grasshoppers.”

“You had better leave your line in the water,” said Jonas. “Maybe you will catch a bullhead or catfish. I will go and hoe the corn, and you can sit down and watch



JIM TRIED FISHING IN THE CREEK.—Page 108.

me. Perhaps Ganadoga will get some of the corn if his brother raises a good crop."

The next day early in the afternoon Ganadoga returned. "I am awfully glad you have come!" Jim greeted him. "I was pretty scared last night, but it did not rain on our bed. I tried to catch some fish, but they will not bite on grasshoppers."

"Did Jonas fish, too?" asked Ganadoga.

"No, he sat down with the guns and watched me."

"That is right," the Oneida said. "I forgot to say that only one of you must do the fishing."

"Why couldn't both of us fish?" asked Jim.

Ganadoga hesitated.

"One man can catch them in that little creek," he answered, looking at Jonas; and Jonas thought he understood what the Oneida really meant.

Ganadoga had brought some more venison and corn cakes, and while they were eating their supper Ganadoga's older brother, Huahgo, came to look at his corn.

"He will sleep in the house with us to-

night," Ganadoga told his friends, "and to-morrow he will go and hunt deer. He is a good hunter."

The campers went to bed early and Jim was soon sound asleep.

But when it had grown quite dark something happened which kept the three young men awake all night.

Some men came into the cabin, and spread their blankets on the floor below.

The three campers informed one another by touch that each one knew what was happening below.

The strangers, however, believed themselves entirely safe. They talked freely in Mohawk of their exploits and plans. Although the Mohawk dialect differs from the Oneida, Ganadoga and his brother could understand all the talk of the raiders and learned several material facts. They had come up from the Susquehanna country, and they intended to turn westward now and harass the line of stockades to Fort Stanwix. These strangers also mentioned Little Beard's Town in the Genesee Valley and Fort Niagara.

Very soon, however, the raiders became silent, and the men in the loft knew from their heavy breathing that they were sound asleep.

“We could quickly slip down and scalp them,” whispered Huahgo.

“No, my brother,” objected Ganadoga, “the Great Spirit must never see the blood of our brothers on our hands. The Mohawks are Iroquois; they are our brothers.”

“There are three of us,” suggested Jonas. “We could tie them up with ropes cut from our blankets.”

“Fighting in the dark is bad medicine,” Ganadoga objected. “You cannot tell whom you are fighting, and the men have knives.”

The aversion of all Indian tribes to attack during the night was for the frontiersmen a most fortunate trait of Indian character. Their favorite time for attack was at the first sign of daylight, but very rarely did they make an attack during the night.

“We must wait till daylight,” Ganadoga continued, “and then I will tell you what we should do. But we must put on our

moccasins now, and Little Brother must put on his."

"We cannot awake Jim now," protested Jonas. "He might begin to talk and get noisy. I can put his moccasins on for him while he is asleep."

"It is good, my brother," said Ganadoga. "You and Huahgo may now lie down to sleep. I shall call you when the Mohawks arise."

"Doga," Jonas whispered, "I thought I understood you Indians, but I see I don't. Why don't we slip down on them? We could have them tied hand and foot before they got their eyes open."

"No, my brother," Ganadoga persisted. "It is bad medicine to fight in the dark, and we do not know how strong they are. I will call you when they wake up."

"Call me when they wake up?" Jonas repeated in disgust. "I suppose they will not be so strong when they are awake. Doga, I thought you had some sense."

He was going to add, "You are just as full of foolish superstitions as any old woman of your tribe," but he merely added:

“All right, Doga. Wait till the rascals wake up. Give them a chance to take more scalps. But you needn't call me; I'll stay awake.”

CHAPTER XII

THE MOHAWKS

“WHAT a mean fix we are in!” Jonas thought as he stretched himself. “If these Mohawks wake up and discover that we are in the loft, they simply have to bolt for the brush and they have made us prisoners in the cabin. We wouldn’t dare to show a face outside of the walls.”

However, just now, there was nothing to be done but wait for daylight.

It was the first time in his life that Jonas had sat up in the dark and tried not to fall asleep, and the night seemed to be endless. For a while his anger at what he regarded as Ganadoga’s foolish procedure kept him wakeful. As time dragged on in the dark, he listened to the hoot of the owls outside, to the barking of a dog in the distance, and to the even breathing of the Mohawk sleepers.

His two Indian friends also seemed to be asleep. At least they were lying perfectly

still. The Indians were surely strange people.

“If these two Oneidas were to be burned at the stake at daylight, they would lie down and go to sleep,” thought Jonas. “I reckon the working of the Indian mind is beyond the understanding of a white man.”

From time to time Jonas raised himself in his blankets and looked through the chinks in the log wall. He could see just enough in the darkness to perceive that both of the Oneidas had pulled their blankets over their heads.

“That’s another thing a white man cannot do,” thought Jonas. “It keeps the mosquitoes off their faces in summer and it keeps them warm in winter, but very few white men can sleep that way.”

At last Jonas thought he saw a faint trace of daylight, and he turned quietly over on his face so he could watch the Mohawks below through a crack in the ceiling. He could just faintly see their forms now. Just like the Oneidas, they were wrapped up in their blankets, head and all.

“How could they know when daylight

was coming, with their heads all wrapped up? It must be another case of Indian instinct," thought Jonas.

And then one of the sleepers moved. The next moment he unwrapped himself, nudged his fellow and both of them rolled up their blankets, took their guns and left the house.

If Ganadoga and Huahgo had been asleep, they had quickly become wide awake, and before the Mohawks had gone twenty paces the Oneidas were watching them.

"They are taking the trail to the little stony brook," Ganadoga said in a whisper. "We must follow them and cut them off! Get up, Little Brother!"

Jim arose with a start.

"Where are my shoes?" he asked as he felt about him in the darkness.

"You've got your moccasins on, Jimmie," Jonas told him. "I put them on for you. Just put on your hat and take your gun. We are going after some Mohawks."

"We must go, brothers!" urged Ganadoga. "Leave your bundles and follow me!"

Ganadoga followed the trail of the Mohawks only a short distance till he came to a

place where the footprints of the raiders could be clearly seen on the soft ground. Then he stopped a moment.

“My brothers,” he said in a low voice, “they are following this trail which makes a big bend toward the midday sun. We shall quickly march straight through the woods on a deer trail, which Huahgo and I have often followed. We walk fast and maybe we reach the ford of the brook before they do. You must not shoot unless I shoot, and you must not step on sticks on the trail.”

It did not seem to Jim that Ganadoga was following any trail at all; he seemed to be cutting straight across the woods. But Jim did his best to keep up and was careful not to break any sticks.

After they had marched about half an hour, they crossed a small brook on a fallen log. Then Ganadoga swung over to the left and in a few minutes they struck a plain trail, which crossed the same brook on a number of large stones.

Ganadoga looked at the soft ground near the trail, but he did not set foot on the trail.

“ I see deer tracks,” he whispered, “ but no tracks of moccasins. They will come soon. We must go up a little way to a thicket of pines.

“ We lie down here,” he said, when they reached the spot. “ You must lie still and make no noise.”

Jim could feel his heart beating like a hammer, and he was breathing hard through his mouth.

The four men had a clear view of the trail for several rods down to the brook, and directly in front of them was an open dry spot near the trail, where travellers had rested or camped.

Jim was just getting control of his excitement, when two big Indians stepped out of the forest on the other side of the brook. For a moment they looked around, then they took off their small packs and bent down to drink. They had no cups but dipped the water out with their hands.

Ganadoga put his forefinger on his lips and his friends understood that he wished them to keep absolutely still.

The Mohawks came slowly up from the

creek, carrying their packs in their hands. Then they leaned their guns against a tree, and sat down in the open spot. Quite deliberately they opened their packs, took out a little venison and began to eat, both of them facing the creek with their backs turned on the four men in the thickets. According to Indian custom and instinct they were watching their back trail.

At last Ganadoga gave a signal with his hand. The next moment he and Huahgo stood between the surprised Mohawks and their guns, while the two white lads faced them from the other side.

“Brothers,” said Ganadoga, “you are our prisoners.”

The two big men glared at Ganadoga and then glanced at their guns only a few yards away.

For a moment Jonas thought they would rush at Ganadoga with their hunting-knives, but they realized that they had been completely surprised and were really prisoners.

“Brothers, we know that you are hungry,” Ganadoga continued. “You may eat your meat before you come with us.”

The two Mohawks fell to eating again, as if being surprised and made prisoners was an everyday matter with them, and neither of them had thus far spoken a word.

When the prisoners had finished their meal, Ganadoga again spoke to them.

“You know, brothers,” he said, “that prisoners may not carry loaded guns. My white brother will now draw the loads out of your guns before we return the guns to you.”

But now the oldest of the two arose and spoke.

“My brother,” he said, “it was the will of the Great Spirit that you should make us prisoners. We lost our ammunition when our canoe upset in the rapids of the Susquehanna, and the loads in our guns are all we have, but it is fair that you should draw them out. The wind in the tree-tops filled our ears, so we could not hear you spring out of the pines, and both of us were looking east, because we expected no danger from the west.”

After Jonas had drawn the shots from the two guns, Ganadoga told the captives that

they would all march back to the house where they slept last night.

Jonas thought the captives looked very much surprised at this order, but they made no reply.

“You will walk slowly,” Ganadoga told the captives, “and you will not try to run away. We have all our guns loaded and we shall walk behind you.”

When they reached the house, Ganadoga told the captives they must go into the house and stay there. “My white brothers will be outside and they will shoot you if you leave the house.”

“Jonas,” asked Jim, when the lads had posted themselves on their guard duty, “what is he going to do with them? Do you think we shall have to watch them to-night?”

Huahgo now went back to the Oneida village, while Ganadoga was busy clearing a spot under an elm tree near the creek.

Once one of the captives looked out of the window opening, but when he saw Jim ready with his gun, he quickly drew back his face.

When Jim saw the smoke of a fire near the creek, he became very much excited.

“Jonas,” he whispered, “I think Ganadoga is setting a stake to burn the captives. I don’t think he ought to do that. They didn’t hurt any of us; but you know that is what the Iroquois often do with their captives.”

In the middle of the afternoon, Huahgo returned with some more venison and corn cakes and with a large kettle, and Ganadoga and Huahgo were busy at the fire for some time.

Then Ganadoga came and spoke to the captives, who followed him to the fire, and Ganadoga asked Jonas and Jim also to come to the fire and bring their guns.

The day had been full of surprises for Jim, and here was another. There was no stake set for the burning of captives. A kettle was hung on a tripod over a fire, and in the kettle Ganadoga dropped a liberal quantity of the white man’s tea, which Jonas had brought from Newburgh, and sweetened it with maple sugar.

The prisoners sat down and their captors

formed a circle around them. There was plenty of venison and corn cakes, both of which Ganadoga and Huahgo heated over the fire. The tea was divided in two portions. Ganadoga filled his small kettle for Jonas and Jim, and the four Indians drank from the larger kettle of Huahgo.

Jim was surprised at the quantity of venison and cakes the two prisoners ate. "It was lucky for them," he thought, "that we captured them. It is plain that they have been starving."

After the feast Ganadoga arose and spoke to the prisoners. He spoke in Mohawk and Jonas translated it to Jim as well as he could.

"Brothers," spoke Ganadoga, "the Great Spirit has shown you plainly that he does not approve of the things the Mohawk warriors are doing. You have lost your canoe and your ammunition. Last night you lay down to sleep in the white man's house, and the Great Spirit did not tell you that two Oneidas and two white men were above you in the same house. We could have killed you last night and we could have killed you this morning."

“But the Great Spirit does not wish to see brothers make war against brothers. The Oneidas and the Mohawks have been brothers ever since our fathers exchanged the first belts of wampum, when they formed the League of the Iroquois.

“The Covenant of the Iroquois is much older than the covenant between the Iroquois and the King of the English.”

Then Tanuhoga, the oldest of the captives arose. “Brother,” he said, “you have spoken the truth. Mohawks and Oneidas should not raise the hatchet against each other. But evil days have come upon our people. At the Great Council of Oswego, as you know, all the tribes were for war with the Americans, except the Oneidas and Tuscaroras. And now the Six Nations are divided and a great curse has fallen upon all our people. Our villages are all burnt, our fields are destroyed, our men are being killed in a war to which we can see no end, and our women and children are suffering much from hunger and sickness. But it is not for us to talk much. We are your prisoners, and you may kill us. The Mo-

hawk warriors are not afraid of death at any time.”

“The Mohawks are brave warriors,” Ganadoga replied, “but they are fighting on the wrong side in this war. The Oneidas will not stain their hands with the blood of their brothers and I offer you this belt of wampum as a token of what I have said. If you take this belt, we shall know that you will not make war against the Oneidas and against our American brothers.”

“Brothers,” the Mohawk replied, “we accept your hand and the wampum you offer. And if we meet you or your white brothers on the trail, we shall know that you come not with an uplifted hatchet, but that you come as friends who spared our lives, when the Great Spirit gave us into your hands. You gave us food when we were hungry, and gave us plenty of the white man’s tea, which we had not tasted for a long time.”

CHAPTER XIII

GANADOGA HAS NEWS

DURING the next few days, the white lads had many opportunities to observe the ways of the Indians.

The two Mohawks did not at all behave like the stolid gloomy warriors as Jim had pictured all Indians.

They joked and told funny stories and laughed very much like white men on a visit to old friends. Jonas and Jim could not understand what they said, but they could see that both the Oneidas and the Mohawks were having a good time.

Jim soon grew tired of just sitting around; but the four Indians, it was clear, had no desire to do anything else.

“Our Mohawk brothers have travelled a long way,” Ganadoga told his white friends, “and they are now hungry and tired and wish to eat with us and rest.”

Toward evening Huahgo brought in another deer.

“It is a lucky thing,” said Jim, “that Huahgo knows where he can get deer, otherwise Ganadoga could do nothing else but carry food to our camp.”

Jim himself spent most of his time fishing. He dug industriously in the cornfield for worms, but was not able to find any.

“Little Brother,” Ganadoga told him, “you will find no worms in this field. Worms are found only in old fields, and this is a new field. Most of our people think that the worms were brought to our country by the white men, by the Dutch farmers, from whom the Iroquois received their apple-trees and other fruit-trees; and horses, cattle, and sheep and hogs. The Indians only had dogs and the deer and other wild animals of the forest.

“My father told me that the Indians planted only corn and beans and squash, but no wheat and rye and oats.

“There were no angleworms in our gardens and no honey-bees in the hollow trees before the white men came to our country.”

Jim’s tireless pursuit of grasshoppers, and his joy when he pulled a wriggling chub out

of the creek were a source of much amusement to the Mohawks.

“How do they catch them?” Jim asked, a little vexed. “I wish they would show me if they know a better way.”

“The Iroquois fish with a splint basket, or with a pointed stick.”

“With a pointed stick?” Jim asked. “I should like to see them do it.”

“The Indians fish only where fish are large and plentiful. They couldn’t catch any in this little creek,” Ganadoga admitted to Jim’s satisfaction.

When the Mohawks had rested three days, they prepared to leave. Huahgo had brought in another deer, the meat of which was dried and smoked over a slow fire in the usual Indian way, a method now well known to many white hunters and campers.¹

In one respect Jonas and Jim were disappointed. Ganadoga would not take them to the village of the Oneidas.

“It would not be well,” he explained, “that all my people should know that two white men are with me. If all the Oneidas

¹ Described in “The Silver Island of the Chippewa,” p.48.

know it, all the scouts of the other tribes will soon know it. You must not forget that an Indian scout and runner sometimes travels a hundred miles in a day, and they tell one another what they have seen. If all the Oneidas know where we are, Kalohka will soon know it.”

“But I should like to see an Indian bark house,” pleaded Jim.

“Most of the Oneidas do not live in bark houses at this place,” Ganadoga told the boy. “They live in huts and shacks built of boards and logs, and some live in houses made of canvas, which are very cold in winter. My people are very poor, and many of them have been hungry and sick during the winter. We may find an Iroquois bark house on our journey up the Mohawk Valley.”

When the time came for leaving, the two Mohawks shook hands with the Oneidas and also with the white lads, and disappeared along the trail on which they had come as prisoners.

Ganadoga and his brother, with the white lads, turned northward to the Mohawk

River. In the bend of the river west of Schenectady, Huahgo led the way to a canoe hidden in a patch of tall weeds. In this elm-bark canoe, the four crossed the Mohawk, and then Huahgo bid farewell to his brother and the white lads and returned down-stream to his people.

“We shall now travel along the old trail of the Iroquois, which many generations of our people have worn deep into the earth. Our trail runs along on the north side of the river,” said Ganadoga, “but our two Mohawk friends will follow the old Iroquois trail south of the river.

“I have learned that my people, the Oneidas, knew nothing about Nathan; because most of our scouts are afraid to go west of Fort Stanwix, where all the country is held by the British and the hostile Iroquois warriors. But our two Mohawk friends saw Nathan at Fort Niagara two summers ago.”

“Did Nathan join the British?” asked Jim.

“No, he did not,” Ganadoga answered. “Some Seneca warriors brought him in as a prisoner, but the Mohawks did not know

whether he had been exchanged, or sent to Montreal, or whether he was still a prisoner at Fort Niagara.”

Fort Niagara was built by the French about 1730. In the French and Indian War, Sir William Johnson captured it from the French. During the Revolutionary War it was held by the British and was the gathering point for the Iroquois warriors, who fought on the British side. At Fort Niagara the Indians were supplied with provisions, arms, and ammunition, and to Fort Niagara they took their American prisoners. To the credit of the British commander, it must be said that he did all within his power to alleviate the suffering of these unfortunate people. Whenever he could do so, he secured their release from their Indian captors and brought about their exchange.

Fort Niagara is now a United States military post. Many of the old French structures, including the main buildings, the barracks, and even the bake-house are still in a fairly good state of preservation. In the old cemetery sleep many officers and soldiers who gave their lives to the making of Amer-

ica. In the cemetery, on the old earth walls, and in the abandoned moats, grow many gnarly wild hawthorn-trees that look as if they might be a hundred years old.

Every one who can do so should visit the old fort, and the whole of it should be permanently preserved as one of the most important landmarks of the romance of American history.

If it were not for a sea-wall, which the United States Government has built, the ruins of the fine old historic fort would years ago have crashed into Lake Ontario, for the waves of the lake are constantly encroaching on the southern shore. In the days of the French régime, the French officers had their garden between the fort and the lake; but at the present time there is only space enough left for a driveway between the fine old stone fort and the sea-wall.

The War Department, however, has no funds to keep the old buildings in repair, and some patriotic society should take hold of their permanent preservation.

The old historic fort is easily accessible to visitors by electric railway from the town of

Niagara Falls, where thousands of travellers stop every year to view the greatest waterfall in America.

But from this digression we must return to our story.

When Huahgo's elm-bark canoe had disappeared down the Mohawk, Ganadoga motioned to the white lads to sit down for a council.

"My friends," he said, "we are now passing into a country which is not really held by the Americans. Those Americans that are still in the country live in stockades, and have to herd their cattle under a guard. I have learned that General Willet will come to this country to drive out the raiding-parties of British and Indians, but we cannot travel with the soldiers of General Willet, because they would know nothing of Nathan.

"We must risk the long journey to Fort Niagara, and we may be seen at any time by raiders and scouts of the Mohawks and Senecas and other hostile Iroquois tribes, who know a white man by his clothes a long way off.

"For that reason, you must now put on

the Indian clothes which I have brought for you from the Oneidas. Your white man's clothes you must carry in your pack, so you may have some dry things to put on when the rain has soaked through our hunting-clothes.

“When the trail is dry, we shall wear moccasins, because they make less noise than white man's shoes; but when the ground is muddy, we shall wear our shoes, because moccasins are not good for travelling on a wet trail.

“We shall not travel much on the roads and on the old trails of the Iroquois. We shall walk through the forest and travel on the deer trails that run in the same direction as the Iroquois trails to Fort Niagara.

“When we reach Oneida Lake, where my people used to live, we may be able to find a canoe or we may build one. Then we can paddle down the outlet into Lake Ontario, and then we can travel on the lake to Fort Niagara; for travelling by water is much easier than to travel by land, if you do not have to go against the current.”

Many other things Ganadoga told them,

things that proved of great value to them at a later time when their experienced guide was not with them.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MYSTERIOUS GOBBLER

BOTH of the white lads were glad to be on the trail once more.

“We must now begin to live like Iroquois scouts on the trail,” said Ganadoga, when they made their first noonday halt in a grove of old black-walnut trees on the edge of a clearing, from which they could look about in every direction. “To-day we shall have to eat some of our venison, but I shall try to secure some meat every day with my hunting bow.”

Jim soon discovered on the ground a large number of walnuts, which, for some reason, the squirrels had failed to gather in the preceding autumn.

“We can live on nuts,” he said, “if we do not find any game. The squirrels live on them.”

“Yes they do,” admitted Jonas, “and they have nothing else to do but crack nuts all day.”

“They can’t crack them,” Jim objected. “They have to gnaw holes through the shell to get at the meat. They cut two holes into a walnut, but in a butternut they cut only one hole.”

Jonas looked skeptical at this bit of Jim’s woodcraft, but the Oneida took his part.

“Little Brother has used his eyes,” he remarked, well pleased. “That is the way the bushy-tail people eat nuts. The walnuts have a hard wall in the middle, so the squirrels cut into them from both sides. The little bushy-tail people do not need much food, but we should need more than a bushel of nuts every day, and it would take a long time to find them and crack them. In this place we are safe, but in many places the cracking of nuts would make a dangerous noise that might betray our camp to the British and Iroquois scouts.”

There was one thing Jim did not like about travelling along the Iroquois trail. Ganadoga would allow no talking. “We can talk in camp, but good scouts do not talk on the trail,” was his inflexible order.

In the afternoon, the Oneida killed a

woodchuck that had ventured a little too far from his burrow.

While the sun was yet several hours high, Ganadoga left the trail, and after he had gone a short distance up a small stream, he stopped, built a fire and roasted the meat of the woodchuck.

“My brothers,” he invited the white lads, “here is our supper. Eat all you want. To-morrow we may find another woodchuck.”

Jim felt a little squeamish about eating the meat, which he had never tasted, but Ganadoga encouraged him, saying:

“It is good meat, Little Brother, although the woodchuck does not have a pretty white tail like the rabbit.”

When the meal was finished, the travellers put out their fire, and Ganadoga selected a sleeping-place on a somewhat open hillside about a mile from their campfire.

A little before sunset, a grouse began to drum in the timber just below an open grassy patch.

Jim wished very much to go after the bird with Ganadoga's hunting bow.

“ We may not find any game to-morrow,” he argued; “ and I do not think that woodchuck is as good as grouse.”

But Ganadoga would not allow Jim to go. “ A good scout,” he explained, “ does not approach timber over open ground if he can help it. The woods are thick, where the bird is calling, and you would only lose an arrow and not get the bird.”

When it was time to go to sleep, Ganadoga asked Jonas to keep watch till the big dipper had swung one-third through its circle.

“ I think I know what you mean, Doga,” said Jonas. “ I shall keep a sharp lookout, and shall call you before I lie down.”

Thus ended the first day on the Iroquois trail, but Jim was already so nearly asleep that he did not know that Jonas and Ganadoga had made arrangements to take turns watching.

On the second day Ganadoga seemed to travel with still more care. The first day they had crossed a few open spaces, but now Ganadoga travelled entirely in the woods and once he sent Jonas and Jim off into the

timber, while he secreted himself near the trail. But while even Jim had a feeling that Ganadoga was on guard against some threatening danger, none of the three saw or heard anything unusual.

For their sleeping quarters Ganadoga again selected a place that was open on two sides. The place was near a deserted farm, and Jim discovered a small flock of turkeys left behind by the owner.

“Doga, let us go and get some of them,” pleaded Jim. “We shall need the meat. We killed nothing to-day but a rabbit and he was very lean.”

But the Oneida would not allow it. He said they did not yet need the meat very badly, and that to-morrow he would lead them through a good game country. But when a little later a turkey began to gobble in the timber just across the opening from their camp, all three of the travellers became very much interested.

“Doga, he is right in there, near the big elm!” Jim pointed out. “Let us go after him. There may be others with him.”

Again the gobbler sounded his loud call.

“He’s a big one!” whispered Jim, much excited. “Let me go after him!”

“I will go after him,” Ganadoga decided. “You and Jonas stay here under cover. If I miss him, he may come this way;” and Ganadoga left with both his hunting bow and his gun, going carefully around through the timber.

About half an hour passed under great suspense for the white boys, for the turkey again uttered his call several times.

Then just after the turkey had gobbled again, a shot rang out from Ganadoga’s gun to the right of the gobbler, and the white boys heard some large creature break away through the woods.

“Listen, Jonas, listen!” spoke Jim. “Doga scared up a deer. Didn’t you hear it break away?”

It seemed a long time before the Oneida returned. When, at last, they saw him coming noiselessly through the timber, they were much surprised that he did not bring the turkey.

“Oh, too bad, Doga,” called Jim, “you missed him.”

“Yes, I missed him,” the Oneida admitted. “My brothers, the gobbler was not a turkey. He was an Indian.”

For a moment the lads were speechless.

“Why did he make that noise? What did he want of us?” Jim was the first to ask, his eyes staring with surprise.

“Doga, why didn’t you kill him?” muttered Jonas, his face flushed with anger as he thought that Jim would have walked into the raider’s trap if Ganadoga had not objected. “Why didn’t you kill the scoundrel?” he repeated. “Was it Kalohka?”

“No, it was not Kalohka. I could not tell whether he was an Onondaga, or Seneca, or Mohawk. He is a bad Indian, but I could not kill him. He is my brother, he is an Iroquois. He is a young man, only a lad. He got scared and ran away. An old warrior would have lain down flat on the ground and waited.”

“He is a big scoundrel,” Jonas asserted, “no matter who he is. A scoundrel sneaking around in the brush trying to murder innocent people who have done him no harm.”

“It is the way the Iroquois have always made war. They do not know any other way,” the Oneida replied.

“That fellow is not waging war,” Jonas objected, “he is planning murder. I would have killed him. He is just vermin.”

“Yes, brother,” the Indian replied, “I know that white men will make war against their brothers, but the Great Spirit does not wish to see the blood of our brothers on our hands. His life was in my hands. He did not attack me. Our Father Kirkland taught us the commandments of the white man’s God, and one of them says, ‘Thou shalt not kill.’ More Indians would become Christians if they saw more white men keep the commandments of their God.”

“I beg your pardon, Doga. You are right. It would have been murder to kill him. He was not attacking you; and he is an Iroquois, your brother.”

“It would have been foolish, too,” Ganadoga continued. “If I had killed him, his friends would have tried to avenge his death. Now they may leave us if they are with him; because they know that we shall fight,

and that it is not easy to surprise us or fool us.”

Ganadoga, however, was not willing to spend the night in the place they had chosen.

“It is bad medicine,” he claimed, “for a scout to sleep in a place where he has had a fight, if he can get away. That is what my father taught me.”

“Doga, you are a superstitious heathen,” Jonas objected in a friendly way, “with your talk about bad medicine.”

“I do not know better words,” the Oneida replied, “to say in the white man’s talk what I mean. We must not stay here overnight. No Iroquois scout would sleep here if he could get away.”

CHAPTER XV

A BAD NIGHT

As quietly as a deer leaves his bed and slips away unseen into a thicket, the three left their camp, and the white boys followed Ganadoga's lead into the darkness.

One who has never travelled at night can hardly imagine what utter darkness may pervade a dense forest on a cloudy night, after the leaves have attained full size.

Ganadoga led the way into a ravine, where he struck a plain trail.

The sky was heavily overcast. The season had been warm and rainy and the foliage was already very heavy. It was impossible to see the trail, and the lads followed it by feeling it with their feet.

Again and again the leader missed the trail at a short bend. Then he would stop and take a few steps in different directions. When his feet touched soft dead leaves and forest litter, he knew that he was off the trail,

but when he struck clear well-packed ground, he knew that he had found the trail again. It was a case of travelling by touch.

From time to time Ganadoga stopped to listen. Behind them from some pool came faintly the high-pitched ringing song of the toads, and far ahead of them from the hills came the deep bass notes of a big owl. But near them there was not a sound, not even a leaf was stirring, and it seemed to the lads as if they could hear the silence.

“It is awfully spooky,” Jim whispered, when Ganadoga stopped once more to listen.

“No, Little Brother,” replied Ganadoga, “the forest is spooky in moonlight, but not in black darkness.”

“Will they follow us?” whispered Jim, shivering with excitement.

Ganadoga did not think they would. “Indians,” he added, “do not like to travel at night. But early in the morning, as soon as the sky turns gray, they will surround our camp, unless they have become afraid of us.”

Once a startled grouse arose with great bluster and whirr of wings near the trail, and a cold shiver ran up Jim’s back, and he

thought he could feel all the hair on his head rise up.

A little later, a scared buck snorted a few rods away from the trail, and for a second Jim could feel the scalping-knife of an Indian run around his head, although it was not the first time that he had heard the snort of a startled buck.

They might have been slowly picking their way for an hour, when Ganadoga halted.

“We shall leave the trail here,” he spoke in a very low voice. “Each one must go by himself. Take long steps, put your toes down first, and lift your feet up high, so the weeds will not show where we left the trail.”

After groping their way through the timber, Ganadoga found a place among the big limbs of a fallen elm.

“This is as good a place as we can find in the darkness,” he told his friends. “We may lie down to sleep, for no enemies can surprise us here, even if they had heard us leave our first place, and I do not think they did.”

For some time, however, sleep would not

come to them; Jim especially was wide awake.

The night was really pitch-dark. The vast, mysterious chorus of insects and hylas, which enliven the nights of midsummer, had not yet tuned up their small fiddles, drums, and rattles. Only the larvæ of borers could be heard working in the dead logs, making a dull and low grinding and sawing noise, like invisible ghost carpenters.

After a while, however, Jim heard another sound. It was somebody moving about on the ground as if in search of something. By this time Jonas and Ganadoga seemed to be asleep; but Jim could feel his heart beating faster as he lay and listened.

There could be no mistake about it. Whoever it was, he was coming nearer. Perhaps the Mohawk scouts could smell white men. Ganadoga claimed that he could smell deer. The noise was growing louder. It was headed straight for the camp, and Jim could keep still no longer.

“Doga,” he whispered, “the Mohawk is coming after us, listen!”

The Oneida sat up straight, seized his gun

and listened, while the noise kept coming nearer.

“Little Brother,” he spoke kindly, “that is not the Mohawk. It is the animal with the black-and-white flag. He digs worms and grubs at night, but now he has smelled our food.” And then he said something in Oneida, which Jim did not understand.

“What did you tell him?” asked the white boy.

“I told him to go away, that we have no meat to give him,” answered Ganadoga.

“He isn’t going, he is coming on,” said Jim. “He is going to muss us all up!”

But when Ganadoga spoke once more in a somewhat louder voice, the animal started off in another direction.

Jim and his Indian friend again lay down, and the white boy soon fell asleep.

But there was not to be much sleep for them that night.

In less than an hour Ganadoga called the white lads.

“Wake up, brothers,” he called, “the thunderbird is rising behind the hills, and it will rain. We must make a shelter.”

With the aid of the lightning, Ganadoga spread two blankets over the outstretched limbs of the fallen elm, and fastened them with strings of elm bark and pieces of wood. The campers had four blankets with them. The scout spread one on the ground, and the three men covered themselves with the other blanket.

Very soon the rain began to fall, gently and slowly at first, so that Jim could almost count the drops. Then it increased to a gentle summer shower, but very soon the clouds seemed to open and the water poured down in little streams. The blankets sagged and leaked freely. Jim tried to wriggle into a dry place, but Ganadoga said there was nothing to be done but to sit up and let it rain. "That is the way of scouting," he added; "you cannot always find a dry place to sleep in."

The camp was surely not a dry place to sleep in, it was a place so wet that one could not sleep at all. Big drops came down on the covering blanket, first in one place and then in another and it was not long before it was wetted through and the cold water

soaked through the clothing to the skin of the campers. In a little while the ground on which they were sitting also became wet, for the rain came down so heavy that the ground around them could not absorb it all.

Jim thought of changing to another place, but he realized that every other place would be still more wet, so there was nothing to be done but sit still and wait for daylight; and Ganadoga said it was still an hour before midnight.

“Doga, did you ever camp in as bad a place as this?” asked Jim.

“Yes, Little Brother, I did,” the scout asserted. “Many times I have camped in places much worse, when I had no blankets and was all alone.”

“Would you like to go back to Newburgh, Jim?” asked Jonas.

“Not I!” protested Jim. “But I am thinking how fine it would be to sleep in our hayloft to-night and listen to the rain falling on the shingle roof.”

As the hours dragged slowly on, the night grew so cold that it seemed to the campers as if there were frost in the air.

The rain had ceased and the stars came out.

“It will be a fine day to-morrow,” remarked the Oneida. “We must lie down and try to sleep.”

Before very long Jim began to feel warm between his two big friends, and although the blankets were wet, all became warm as the campers lay still in the same position.

“This is not very bad,” said Ganadoga. “When it is winter, and it rains all day and all night, and the rain turns into a wet snow, that is bad weather for sleeping outdoors.”

When, at the first dawn of day, Jim was called to get up, he realized that he had actually been asleep.

“He is a good camper,” said the Oneida; “he can sleep in wet blankets.”

The lads wrung out their shelter blankets, rolled them up in a pack by themselves, and the other two blankets in another pack, and started off through the forest.

“Each must go on his own trail,” Ganadoga told them, “and you must not disturb the weeds more than you can help.”

CHAPTER XVI

UNEXPECTED DANGER

THE travelling was the worst Jonas and Jim had ever experienced. Their Iroquois guide would not follow any trail, but always struck right through the forest. Every bush and every leaf was still wet with big glistening drops.

Jim soon understood why Ganadoga had insisted that they start out in their wet clothing. Their legs and the lower part of their bodies could not have been more wet if they had been travelling through a pouring rain. In fact, the weeds and the dripping brush seemed to beat the cold moisture fairly into their skins. At first Jim tried to pick his trail, but very soon he realized that it made no difference where he did go, because he could not become any wetter than he was.

They might have travelled about two hours, when they came to the foot of a hill.

“We must now each take a stick,” said Ganadoga, “and lift up the weeds on which we have stepped so that nobody can tell that we have gone up on this hill.”

Very soon they came to a clear spot entirely surrounded by trees. Here the grass and weeds were already dry, because the sun shone right on the open spot from the southeast.

“We shall stay here to-day,” said Ganadoga, “and dry our things, because it is not good to travel all day in wet clothes. Little Brother might get sick.”

“I don’t feel sick,” declared Jim, “but I am as wet as if I had fallen in the river.”

With their hatchets and hunting-knives they cut poles and sticks and hung up their blankets and wet clothes in the sun, but the Oneida would not let them build a fire.

“The scouts,” he explained, “who tried to sneak up on us, cannot be very far from this place. They did not travel last night. Even if they are not following us, they are somewhere not far away, doing what we are doing: They are drying their things.

“I shall now go down the hill and watch.

If I come back and tell you we are in danger, each man must quickly roll up his pack and start on his own trail for the big lone elm you see down in the valley. We shall all meet under that big tree, and each man when he approaches the tree must give a low whistle like the little wood pewee, so the man who is there first may know that a friend is coming.

“But you must not build a fire while I am away. If the Mohawks saw our smoke they would know at once where we had gone, and they would again stalk us and try to ambush us. You may eat some food, but you must not get impatient, for I may be gone several hours.”

The time soon began to drag heavily for Jim and he began to listen anxiously for the return signal of Ganadoga.

“He is gone a long time,” he said wistfully to Jonas. “What do you think he is doing so long? I wish he had not gone back alone. We could have gone with him and left our things here.”

Jonas tried to calm the fears of the boy by telling him that Ganadoga would be safer

alone than in company and that he had expected to be gone several hours.

But Jim could not suppress his anxiety. "We ought to go and look for him," he suggested. "He may need help."

"We should only increase the danger," Jonas objected. "If Doga returned in our absence, he would be very much worried and would not know what to do. If you are going to be a good scout, you must learn to be patient and not keep worrying all the time."

"There," whispered Jim after a short time. "I heard the call. Listen!"

It was the call by which the Oneida had promised to announce his presence, and Jim quickly repeated the call and then listened intently.

Again both lads listened until they heard the plaintive note a second time. "Pee-o-wee," it sounded very plainly now.

"It isn't Doga," Jim spoke sadly. "It is the little bird himself. He is up in the tree over there," and he pointed in the direction from which the sound had come.

Again both lads waited patiently, and Jim

tied up his blanket and the few things he carried on the trail.

Another half hour might have passed, when again they heard the melancholy note of the woodland flycatcher, and again Jim answered it promptly.

Within a few minutes they heard the note again, and it came plainly from the low underbrush.

“It is Doga!” exclaimed Jim under his breath. “Let us go and meet him.”

“No,” Jonas insisted, “we must not leave this place. Sit down and answer.”

A few moments later Ganadoga stood in the open space before them. His face was flushed as if he had been walking fast, and Jonas caught at once the serious expression in his eyes.

“My friends,” Ganadoga spoke. “They have found our trail, and we must leave this place. It is hard for men walking in the dark to hide their trail.”

“Why not stay here and fight them?” asked Jonas. “I should like to know what that turkey gobbler looks like.”

“The Great Spirit does not want us to

spill the blood of our brothers," Ganadoga objected. "We must not begin the fight. We shall try to throw them off our trail. And this is not a good place for us to fight, because there are four of them. They could surround us and it would be very difficult for us to get away if we could not beat them off.

"Walk down to the tree, each on his own trail. Go slow. The Mohawks will not be here for some time. I saw them on the hill where we heard the gobbler."

Jim was the first to reach the big tree, and it seemed a long time before the other two men arrived, although in reality they came only a few minutes later.

"Now, we shall strike out for the wagon road in the valley," said Ganadoga, "and when we reach that, we shall make our plans to lose the scouts."

"Why can't we catch them and make good Indians out of them?" argued Jonas. "I would rather fight than run away. We made two good Indians at the deserted cabin."

"Brother," replied Ganadoga, "you talk

now like many white men talk, who think they must always fight.

“A good Iroquois scout fights when he has to, and he slips away when it is wiser to slip away than to fight. We cannot surprise these four men as we did the two men who slept below us in the house. I do not want to travel back to Newburgh and make sad the heart of your parents by telling them that their two sons were scalped by the Mohawk scouts, because I let them do a foolish thing.

“We shall try to lose the Mohawks, but if we cannot, and they follow us again, then we shall fight them.”

When they reached the road they saw a wagon drawn by four horses coming westward. The road ran along on high land and was in a fair condition in spite of the hard rains.

“Brothers,” said Ganadoga, “set your guns against this tree, so that the white men will know we are not enemies.”

There were four armed men on the wagon and Ganadoga told them that he and his white friends were American scouts on their

way to Fort Stanwix, or Fort Schuyler, as it was called at that time.

“You will not find much of Fort Stanwix,” the leader of the men told them. “A big flood has washed away a part of it. Some men whom we met on the road told us the news.”

The men were quite willing that the three travellers should ride with them to the next stockade some ten miles to the west. They were glad to give a lift to men who showed the effect of hard travelling, and they were more than glad to strengthen their party against attacks from Indians, who were known to infest the roads and make all travel very dangerous.

Before they reached the stockade it began to rain again, and the white lads were happy when Ganadoga informed them that they would spend the night in the stockade.

The three travellers had a big supper of fresh beef, corn cake, and sassafras tea sweetened with maple sugar. This was the only food in the stockade, but Ganadoga and his friends felt as if they had been invited to

a banquet, for they had eaten nothing since their breakfast on the hillside.

“ I cannot offer you a bed,” said the captain of the stockade to the lads after supper, “ but you may spread your blankets on the hay in the shed. One side of the shed has a good roof.”

The lads assured him with many thanks that they would rather sleep in the hay than in the best of beds.

“ Thank the Lord,” said Jonas, “ we don’t have to sit up in the rain to-night, and we don’t have to worry about Indians.” In a very few minutes all three of them fell asleep to the patter of the rain on the roof.

CHAPTER XVII

MORE BAD NEWS

BEFORE the lads left the stockade next day, they told the men of the wagon to be on their guard against Indian raiders on their return trip eastward.

Ganadoga, himself, was much disturbed by the news that Fort Stanwix had been almost destroyed by high water. The spring had been unusually rainy. All the creeks were running bank full, and the Mohawk was at flood height. Ganadoga knew that Fort Stanwix was located in a bend of the upper Mohawk, where the river had a swift current, and it seemed quite possible that the stream might have washed away a part of the fort.

In case the fort was so badly injured that it had to be abandoned, the journey of Ganadoga and the white lads would become even more dangerous than it had been thus far.

Fort Stanwix had been the most westerly stronghold of the Americans since the beginning of the war in 1775. If it were lost or abandoned, the frontier, in control of the hostile tribes of the Iroquois and of the British would, at one stroke, advance about twenty-five miles farther eastward to Fort Herkimer.

General Sullivan had destroyed the towns and fields of the four hostile tribes, but had not captured the warriors or defeated them in a decisive battle. The Indians had retreated into the forest and had returned, when General Sullivan left the country.

They were now so embittered that they compelled many of their prisoners to run the gauntlet, and many they even tortured and burnt according to their ancient savage custom.

The three scouts remained one day in the stockade in order to rest, dry their blankets and clothing and allow the trails and roads to become more passable.

If they had been willing to wait two or three days, they might have gone as far as Fort Herkimer in company of some soldiers,

who were to take a load of provisions to that fort.

However, both Jonas and Ganadoga felt that they had already lost too much time and that the season was fast slipping away. It was now the last week in May, and they had not even reached the Indian country.

“Let us start out to-morrow,” advised Jonas. “We can make Fort Herkimer in one day, if we get an early start.”

Ganadoga agreed to this plan and the lads got everything ready before they retired for a second night's rest in the hay shed.

It was still dark when Ganadoga called his friends. “Brothers,” he said, “we must leave before daylight. I fear that the Mohawk scouts are somewhere in hiding near this stockade. If they see us leave, they will dog our trail again, like the hounds which some white men use to run deer.”

They marched briskly along through an open forest, and at times on well-beaten game trails, but they avoided the road and open fields as much as possible.

At noon they rested an hour, and Ganadoga even let the white lads build a small

fire to make a kettleful of tea and heat the rare wheat-flour biscuits, which they had brought from the stockade.

“I have seen no signs of Indians,” said Ganadoga, “and we shall now march rapidly to Fort Herkimer, before any enemies can catch up with us, even if they have seen the smoke of our fire.”

The three arrived at Fort Herkimer before sunset. They were in high spirits, because they had heartily enjoyed the brisk march on a fine summer day and they felt a keen appetite for the soldiers' mess table, no matter how plain the fare might be; and it consisted of nothing but salt pork and corn cakes.

The news which they heard at this fort was not cheering. A part of Fort Stanwix had been swept away by a flood early in May and on the night of the thirteenth the other portion had burnt. Fort Stanwix was no more, and the garrison was now at Fort Herkimer.

All the country west of Fort Herkimer was now held by the British and hostile Indians, with the exceptions of a few posts

in the Illinois country, and one at the falls of the Ohio. These posts the heroic George Rogers Clark had, by his genius and sheer boldness, conquered for the Americans, and he was holding them now.

There were also a number of small wooden forts in Kentucky held by such American pioneers as Daniel Boone and other men of his type. But all points on the Great Lakes such as Oswego, Fort Niagara, and Detroit were held by the British.

Fort Niagara was the outfitting point for the hostile Iroquois, and from Detroit the Western Indians made raids into what is now Kentucky, and against the frontier of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

All Kentucky at that time was a part of Virginia.

Through the heroic work of Clark, the Americans held possession of what is now Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, and Illinois, and this fact was of the greatest importance in the later peace negotiations with England.

At Fort Herkimer, Ganadoga met a white scout, who confirmed the report that Nathan had been brought as a prisoner to Fort

Niagara by a band of Seneca warriors; but what had become of Nathan he did not know. He had heard a rumor that the tall young white man had escaped and had made his way to Fort Pitt, now the city of Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania.

From Fort Herkimer the three travellers struck out westward toward Lake Oneida, where Ganadoga's people lived for several centuries in the primitive contentment of men of the Stone Age.

That was before the white men came to the Iroquois country, and brought with them firearms, knives, and other implements of steel, but also brought many diseases and the terrible firewater.

In those days the Iroquois lived at peace amongst themselves, and easily defended their country against all outsiders.

Now Ganadoga knew that he would find the towns of his people burnt, their orchards destroyed, and their cornfields overgrown with weeds and brush.

For hours the three marched through the green forest, fragrant with the fresh young foliage of early summer. The birds sang and

called in the tree-tops, and in the open glades butterflies played in the sunlight, and bees and humming-birds were busy on the wild flowers; but there was no smile on Gana-doga's face and his thought wandered far away to the past and the future of his people, and to the dangers ahead on the long trail.

“ Little Brother is hungry,” he said, when the sun stood high over the forest. “ We shall sit down at this cold spring and eat.

“ We have now left the white man's country,” he said when the meal was over. “ The country is dangerous, and we may meet enemies. The Indians will think that the Great Spirit has sent fire and water to destroy the American fort.

“ They are waging a cruel war. I learned that the British chief at Detroit has told them not to take prisoners.

“ I am in less danger than you are. I am an Oneida with the Oneidas, and I am a Mohawk with the Mohawks and the British. My father was an Oneida sachem, but my mother was a Mohawk, and I speak the language of both people.

“ But you, my friends, are in great danger. And when we march through the forest and when you lie in your blankets this evening, you should think over if you should go farther with me. You have suffered hardship and you have braved dangers. It may be that in the morning you should go back toward the rising sun that you may bring good news to your parents, for my eyes see much danger on the trail ahead.”

CHAPTER XVIII

JIM GOES HUNTING

THE distance from Fort Herkimer, the present town of Herkimer on the Mohawk River to Oneida Lake is only about forty miles, but the travellers made only about ten miles on this day.

“ I hear again the voice of the thunderbird to the west,” said Ganadoga, when they had eaten their noon lunch, “ and I see black clouds looking over the tree-tops. We must stay here and make a shelter before it begins to rain.”

The white lads thought they would have to peel some trees and make a bark shelter, as was often done by both white men and Indians in those days, but Ganadoga had a surprise for them.

Jim had noticed that he carried a much larger pack than he did when they entered Fort Herkimer. As Jim had by this time developed a real camper's appetite, he had

hoped that their guide had secured a good supply of food, but now the Oneida took from his pack a big piece of canvas, such as Jim had seen the soldiers and teamsters spread over goods, which they could not otherwise protect from the rain.

Ganadoga put four stout sticks in the ground and tied four poles to them in such a way that sticks and poles made the framework of an open shack. For strings he used the bark of the leatherwood, a large bush of which grew near the spring.

“The bark of the leatherwood,” Ganadoga told Jim, “makes better strings than any other bush or tree in the woods. It is tougher and more pliable than willow, basswood, or elm. But it does not grow everywhere and you cannot always find it when you need strings.”

By this time Jim was busy making more strings of leatherwood bark and assisted Ganadoga to stretch and tie the canvas over the poles.

“Doga, that is a good job,” commented Jonas, who had been clearing the ground of brush and stones. “It will make a better

shelter than the blankets you put up during the night."

"No man can make a good shelter in the dark," Ganadoga replied with a smile. "We must gather some dry wood. If it rains much we may wish to build a fire.

"We have struck a bad season," he continued; "the air feels as if it would rain every day. That is the reason why I brought along a piece of white man's tent-cloth. To make a shelter of bark takes too much time and makes too much noise."

The lads had not built their shelter any too soon, for the rain poured down and one shower followed another as seems characteristic of a rainy season in the Hudson and Mohawk Valley.

Jonas had enclosed three sides of their shelter with brush; only the front toward the east he had left open.

A woodland shelter such as they had built will keep persons and things from getting soaked, but not from becoming damp. During a rain the air is saturated with moisture, the ground becomes wet all around the camp or shelter, everything one touches is wet; and

more or less of fine spray is beaten through the canvas, if the rain is at all heavy or comes down with a strong wind.

Summer rains in the Eastern States, as far west as Central Illinois, generally are accompanied by little or no wind, but west of Illinois, an open shed tent would offer poor protection, because the rains are nearly always attended with more or less wind.

The greatest care of the travellers during a storm was to keep their guns dry. Ganadoga had secured from his people near Schenectady three pieces of oiled buckskin, and these he tied around the locks of their guns whenever a shower came up. In those days of flintlocks and flash-pans, guns often became useless in wet weather.

After it had grown dark, the campers built a small fire of dry sticks under their canvas to roast strips of fresh beef which Jonas had bought at Herkimer. This was an unexpected treat to Ganadoga and Jim and revived their spirits; but as the light of the small bright fire was reflected from their faces, all the world around lay as if buried in utter darkness.

It rained all night, but the shelter did not leak, and Jim, at least, slept as well as if he had spread his blanket on a hayloft.

As it was too wet to travel next day, Jim was allowed to hunt for small game near the camp. He left about noon with Ganadoga's hunting bow, but he carried no gun.

“Little Brother must learn to go off by himself,” the Oneida remarked to Jonas. “Some day you and I may have to leave for a day or two; so he must learn to be alone.”

Jim was to be gone only an hour, but two hours passed and there had not been a sign of the boy.

Jonas became much worried. Could he have been captured by Indian raiders? Perhaps he had been bitten by a copperhead. The woods were full of those dangerous snakes. Most likely Jim was lost and Jonas decided that he would never again let the lad get out of sight and hearing.

“Brother,” Ganadoga tried to quiet him, “you worry like a woman. Why do you think of snakes, Indians, and boy being lost? Why don't you think Little Brother is just a white boy? He plays, he runs after a

squirrel, maybe he finds a nest and climbs up a tree. He forgets time, and plays and hunts some more."

But when a third hour passed and Jim had not returned, even Ganadoga took the case a little more seriously, although he still maintained that white boys were all big little fools sometimes, and that they could not read time by the sun when their minds got set on fishing or playing.

"We must fire a gun to call him," urged Jonas. "He is surely lost, or something has happened to him."

"No, brother," the Oneida protested. "We fire no gun. We go down the slopes and give the pewee call. He will answer, if he is lost. He has forgotten time as all white boys do when they play a game. Little Brother is now playing big Indian hunter."

The two lads started down the slope, where Jim had disappeared about three hours ago.

They had not gone far, when Jim replied to their call, and then they saw him coming toward them. He had killed no game; but in his right hand he carried a stick, with the aid of which he limped awkwardly along,

trying to use his left foot as little as possible.

“ Oh, Jonas! ” he called as soon as he saw his friends. “ I found a horse. Honest, I did, Jonas! A real horse with a little bell on him. I tried to catch him, but I fell over some roots and wrenched my ankle, so I had to let him go. My ankle is pretty sore. I guess I’ll sit down a bit.”

CHAPTER XIX

BAD MEDICINE CAMP

“THIS is a bad-medicine trip,” said Ganadoga, when he and Jonas had taken Jim to camp. “It rains very much, and we have much trouble with hostile Indians, even before we reach the Indian country. Now, Little Brother hurts himself so we shall not be able to travel to-morrow.”

Jonas gave Jim’s ankle a good massage, although he had never heard that word. He bandaged it with some rags that he had saturated with a little suet cut from the beef he had brought from Fort Herkimer and over these he tied some old linen bandages, which his mother had made him take along to use in just such emergencies.

Then he turned his attention to his Indian friend. “Doga,” he began to reprove him, “you are forgetting that you are a Christian, when you talk of a bad-medicine trip, just like a heathen Indian.

“You are feeling blue, because we have

had a little trouble, and you talk of me and Jim going home. We are not going home. Don't you know that we white men fight a thing through, after we once begin it. Jim and I are going with you, until we learn what has become of Nathan. We have written to our parents from Albany and Fort Herkimer and now you want us to go home to tell them the same thing again. Come along and help me catch the horse and forget about your bad medicine."

"My father believes in bad medicine, and so do the white men," replied the Oneida a little bit nettled, "only you call it bad luck. The white scouts I have met say that thirteen is bad luck and that Friday is bad luck."

"Yes," admitted Jonas, "a good many white men believe a lot of rubbish."

"My spirit tells me," insisted Ganadoga, "that there is much bad luck coming to us, and that you and Little Brother should go home."

"Little Brother and I are not going home," Jonas repeated. "If any more bad luck is coming to us we shall go through with it, till we strike some good luck. I think we

have had much good luck. The English hair buyer at Detroit has not got our scalps yet; we have not been sick and none of us has broken a leg. Now come and help me catch the horse, and to-morrow we shall put Jim and our packs on the horse and start for Lake Oneida.”

The two scouts soon found the horse and brought him to camp. Jonas took off the bell, muffled the clapper with a rag and placed the bell in his pack.

Toward evening of the next day they reached the southeast corner of Lake Oneida.

They had crossed the Mohawk and passed south of the ruins of Fort Stanwix; because they feared that some hostile Indians might be lurking in the neighborhood of the old fort.

It was their plan to make or find an elm-bark canoe and go, mostly by night, down Lake Oneida and the Oswego River to Lake Ontario. The bark canoe they could portage past any rapids, and Fort Oswego they expected to pass at night or carry the canoe around by land. If they once reached Lake Ontario, Ganadoga had planned, they could

watch wind and weather, and with a little good luck they should reach Fort Niagara at the western end of the lake without being captured by hostile Indians.

They realized that at Fort Niagara they would practically have to place themselves as prisoners in the hands of the British commander. But he was known to be humane and kind-hearted, and they were willing to appeal to his generosity.

“We have not spilled the blood of any Iroquois or Englishman,” said Jonas, “and we must take a chance.”

They had considered several other plans, but had decided that this would be the best and the safest. It was now their second day in camp on Lake Oneida. Ganadoga had gone off in search of a suitable tree for a bark canoe. He had said that he might be gone some time, because good bark trees were scarce in this part of the forest.

The travellers had seen no signs of Indians or British since they had left Fort Herkimer. Before they had made their camp near Oneida Lake, but not within sight of it, Ganadoga had climbed a tree to look for

signs of camps, but no trace of smoke was visible.

Jonas and Jim had both lain down, and had fallen asleep after their noon meal. They became conscious of loud voices around them, and kicks from moccasined feet completely awakened them. They sprang up and saw themselves surrounded by five hideously painted Indians, who told them in broken English to come along and "Make no holler, or we kill you!"

Jim's foot was still bandaged but the boy remembered that Indian raiders were not in the habit of showing mercy to prisoners who delayed them on the march.

After they had marched about a mile from camp, Jim was surprised to find that the Indians had caught and tied to a tree the horse, which he had ridden from the last camp.

One of the Indians mounted the horse and told Jim to get up behind. The others tied the hands of Jonas behind his back and told him to march.

The Indians all had guns, and they had also taken the guns of the white lads.

Ganadoga had always insisted that the pack of each one should be ready to be picked up any moment. That precaution did not work out in this instance as the cautious scout had intended. The Indians picked up all three packs and took them along and tied them on the back of the horse, making the animal look more like a pack-mule than like a war-horse.

The lads could tell from the position of the sun that their captors marched straight west. They travelled as fast as they could make the horse walk until some time after sunset.

Then Jim had his desire of seeing an Iroquois bark house satisfied, for the whole party stopped at a deserted Indian bark cabin.

Before they lay down to sleep they opened the captured packs and joking and laughing they ate up all the food they found, with the exception of a small bag of samp, or hominy; but they also gave their prisoners some food and allowed them to drink from the spring near the cabin.

When they were ready to lie down for the night, they tied the hands and feet of Jonas

and made him lie down in the rear of the cabin farthest from the entrance. Jim was allowed to spread his blanket between two of the raiders. They did not tie him, but passed a thong of buckskin around his body and placed each of the ends under the blanket of an Indian.

The captured horse they had tied to a tree with a long rope so he could graze and browse on the bushes, and Jim was pleased to see that they let him drink at the spring before they tied him up.

Jim thought the Iroquois were very careless with their prisoners and at once made a plan to escape. Unfortunately the Indians had taken away his hunting-knife, but he decided to keep awake until they were all sound asleep. Then he would quietly get up and untie Jonas. He did not hope to be able to find the way back to Lake Oneida in the dark, but he was well acquainted with the habits and homing sense of horses. He and Jonas would quickly mount the horse and turn him loose on the back trail to Lake Oneida. He felt sure that they would meet Ganadoga somewhere on the trail or they

would find him at their last camp. Perhaps Ganadoga had already found a canoe and they would give these foolish Iroquois the slip by paddling quickly down the lake.

Little Brother did not know that many a white boy captured by the Indians had made similar plans and had failed to carry them out for the same reason that Jim failed; for Jim was the first one to fall asleep and the last to wake up in the morning.

“Oh, Jonas,” he whispered when they were ready to start again, “I fell asleep.” But one of the warriors threatened Jim with his hatchet and said, “No talk! No talk! Me kill you!”

These words made Jim understand that it would not be so easy to escape as he had thought.

Without eating breakfast, the Indians marched rapidly all day, Jim and one Indian riding the horse. About noon Jim began to feel very hungry, but the Indians stopped only a few minutes at a small stream to let the horse drink and to take a drink themselves and allow their prisoners to drink. Then the leader gave each one, including

the white lads, a handful of dry samp, and the whole party resumed their westward march.

When the horse began to show signs of being tired out, an Indian walked behind him and urged him on with a hickory switch. Jim felt very angry at this, but he was afraid to say anything.

Late in the afternoon, they came to a large river, which Jim and Jonas learned later was the Genesee.

Jim and the Indian now dismounted and the packs were taken off the horse. A tall Indian took Jim on his back and carried him across, and the water almost reached up to the tall man's armpits. Jonas and the other Indians also waded the stream, except the one who had ridden the horse. He tried to lead the horse across, but the approach to the ford was muddy, and the animal refused to come.

When the Indian saw that he could not lead the horse across, he cut himself a switch and tried to drive him, but the wise old animal only snorted, turned quickly in his tracks and disappeared in the brush, sud-

denly acting as lively as if he had been standing in the barn all day.

Jim thought of the white teamsters at Newburgh, who would have indulged in some loud swearing on an occasion of this kind, but the Indians only laughed aloud and seemed to think that the horse had played a good joke on their companion.

After some time spent in searching the woods, the unlucky rider returned without his horse. He was a short man, and when he waded the river, the water came up to his neck and he had to hold up his long heavy gun with both hands. The other Indians again laughed and shouted at him, and both white lads for a moment forgot their captivity and laughed at the predicament of the wader. But when the man slipped and ducked under, gun and all, his four companions fairly roared with laughter, and when he finally came ashore they laughed still more and made fun of him, just as white men and boys do at the mishaps of their companions.

Jonas and Jim almost felt friendly toward the four men, whose sympathies, like their

own, seemed to be entirely with the escaped horse.

The raiders appeared now no longer afraid of being pursued, for they built a fire and boiled the samp in Ganadoga's kettle. When it was done all helped themselves, using their hands in place of spoons.

The portion for the captives was placed on a piece of bark, and although it was not half enough to satisfy their hunger, the lads noticed that the food was evenly divided.

When the Indians lay down to sleep, they secured their prisoners as they had done on the previous night.

Jim again lay down thinking of plans to escape. It ought to be easier to release Jonas, because they all slept in the open. The deep river presented, however, a new difficulty, but Jonas could carry him across, or he could swim across, even if he would get his clothes wet. Another difficulty was that the horse was lost.

But the Indians had travelled on a plain trail all day, and Jim and Jonas could easily follow that trail even in the dark. Moreover, Ganadoga would probably come to

their camp before morning. He had said that he would surely find them, if Jonas and Jim were ever captured by the Iroquois.

That was as far as tired little Jim got with his plans for escape. Ganadoga did not come, and Jim did not wake up until he felt a moccasined foot poke him in the ribs.

CHAPTER XX

A FATEFUL DAY

THE party now went leisurely northward down the west bank of the Genesee, and the captives gathered from the way the Indians travelled and talked that they were approaching a camp. Jonas had learned enough of the Mohawk and the Oneida dialects to know that their captors were Mohawks, the worst enemies of the Americans.

He was careful not to let them know that he understood any of their talk. Although they had behaved very well on the river and had treated their captives as well as could be expected, the white lad felt that these men, no matter how they might once have been influenced by the missionaries and their white neighbors, had again relapsed into being cruel and callous savage warriors during the bitter frontier warfare that had devastated alike the frontier settlements of the whites and the villages and cornfields of the Indians.

He determined in his mind that he would rather provoke them into killing both Jim and himself than allow them to practise their unspeakable cruelties on Jim.

Among themselves these warriors of the Stone Age were kindly and good-natured, but on their enemy captives they often practised the most brutal outrages, torturing and burning them to death.

Jonas was glad that Jim acted as cheerful and lively as if he were amongst the boys at Newburgh. As for himself, he kept up a cheerful appearance and did everything he could to please his captors, but in his heart he was grimly determined to sell his life as dearly as possible rather than submit to their savage tortures.

He felt himself more than the equal of any Indian he had ever seen. He knew how to use his fists, and there were few white men of his weight that could put his shoulders on the ground in a wrestling match. If he once got his hands free and could snatch a knife or hatchet, it would take more than one Indian to dispose of him, and he knew that these red savages instinctively

admired a good fighter. His muscles were hardened by constant outdoor work and by frequent drills with the militia. When Nathan was still at home the two brothers had fought many a mock battle with muffled hatchets and hunting-knives. That was at a time when the stories of Simon Kenton and Lewis Wetzel inspired their boyish fancies.

There was another fact that made Jonas think that they were near the end of their journey. Their captors had not a mouthful of food, but they made no effort to hunt, although they had not eaten a full meal for nearly two days.

Jonas naturally also thought often of Ganadoga. He felt quite sure that his Oneida friend was not far away and that he had probably been watching the Mohawk camp every night, but he was not going to rely too much on help from him. Involuntarily he thought of the old saying that God helps those who help themselves.

It was nearly noon, when the party halted and sat down for a council. The five Mohawks painted their faces, each one after a fancy of his own, but the face of Jonas they

painted black, while they left Jim's face unpainted. Under the black smear of powdered charcoal and grease the blood rose hot into Jonas Stillwell's cheek, for he knew what was generally in store for prisoners whom their Indian captors had painted black.

When the Mohawks had finished their painting, one of them ran ahead, and the other four fired their guns. Very soon gunshots were heard ahead as if in reply to a salute or signal, and both white lads knew that an Indian camp or village was not more than a mile away, and that they would now have to pass through the ordeal of being led as captives into the camp of hostile, savage Indians, who considered all prisoners as the absolute property of the victors, with whom they might do as they pleased.

What the captives saw, when they reached the clearing around the Indian camp, was enough to make seasoned soldiers wince. There were about sixty men, women, and children all told. The whole wildly excited mob was provided with sticks, clubs, and switches, and some even with hatchets and



BUT THE FACE OF JONAS THEY PAINTED BLACK.—Page 191.

knives. The shouting and yelling of the Indians and the barking of their numerous curs made the white lads feel as if a crowd of imps and demons had come to earth.

Young men and old women fell with sticks and clubs upon Jonas, who parried the blows as well as he could, while a crowd of boys vented their spite on Jim.

Jim's blood boiled at the insult, but he followed the example of his older friend and took the abuse as a form of brutal hazing, which both he and Jonas had expected. But when a vicious-looking lad, a good deal bigger than the white boy, tried to spit in his face, Jim's anger flared up. He sprang at his assailant, and to the noisy merriment of the whole crowd, kicked him over into a puddle of mud.

The fellow arose and came at Jim with a club; but before he could reach Jim, a middle-aged woman rushed out of the crowd, scattered the young tormentors, took Jim by the arm and led him away to her bark house on the edge of the woods.

But for Jonas there was something worse in store. The crowd now formed itself in

two lines. Jonas was stripped to the waist, and he knew that he was to run the gauntlet. One of his captors pointed to a cabin about a hundred yards beyond the two lines of his tormentors and said: "You run him to house!"

Jonas had enough presence of mind to decide that he would pay no attention to those Indians provided with sticks and switches, but would keep his eyes on those that had knives and hatchets.

When the chief of the camp called: "Run!" Jonas sprang away so quick that those at the beginning of the lines hardly touched him at all, but at the end of the right-hand line stood a big fellow with a hatchet, who aimed a blow squarely at the white man's head. When Jonas reached this murderous-looking villain, he did not attempt to dodge to the left, but he ran close to him, stuck out his right elbow and shielded his head with his left arm. Down came the big Indian with a thud, hitting his head hard on the ground with his feet sticking up in the air. There was confusion and a roar of laughter. But Jonas never slack-

ened his speed to look at the result of his stratagem, and before the crowd got ready to pursue him, he was safe in the bark cabin, where he sat down on the floor.

He knew that for the present his life would be spared, but he wondered if he had seriously hurt the man with the hatchet and had thus aroused the anger of the man and his friends. The fact was that Jonas had nerved himself for this ordeal ever since he and Jim had been captured; for stories of Indian captivity, of captives running the gauntlet, and of men being burnt and tortured to death, were the most common fire-side tales on the frontier during the hard and troublesome times of the French and Indian War and the Revolutionary War.

Many cases of whites living as captives among the Indians occurred during colonial times, and they continued to occur until and through the great Sioux outbreak in Minnesota in 1862 at the time of the Civil War.

Not until Custer and Miles and other recent Indian fighters broke the power of the plains tribes, and until the disappearance of the buffalo starved the proud red warriors

into submission, did this epic period of American history come to a close.

Some of the last survivors of these strange adventures are still living among us. Within a few more years the last of them will have passed away; but their strange adventures, their heroic deeds and stoic suffering will live forever in history and romance.

And what wonderful tales these men and women have lived! More strange, more weird, more uninventable than the Arabian Nights and the wanderings of Ulysses.

Hundreds of these true hero tales have come down in print to our own day. Many more have never been recorded or have been lost and forgotten. They take us back into a long past and forgotten period of our own race, when our own ancestors were men of the Stone Age, and lived like the red hunters of the forest, who are only now forgetting to make arrows and knives, axes and hammers out of stone.

Many of our popular heroes, such as Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, David Crockett, General Custer,

and Buffalo Bill lived at some time as captives amongst the Indians, or fought against the bravery and cunning of the red warriors.

Such stories as the Captivity of Mary Jemison, the Journal of Alexander Henry, the Captivity of John Tanner, and many others are true rough epics of the Stone Age, and they may yet become household classics, when we have learned to appreciate the romance of our own history; which is the epic of a continent, a gigantic adventure story the like of which never happened before and never can happen again.

It was some little time before Jonas realized that he had not run unharmed through the lines of savages. The big man's hatchet had cut a gash in his left arm, a fiendish squaw had run her knife into his left shoulder, and there were painful welts and bruises on his back. However, Jonas did not mind these injuries any more than a football player minds the bruises received in doing his best for his team.

After a while a woman entered the house. When she saw the wounds of Jonas, she tied

a bandage around his arm and put some crushed roots and herbs on his shoulder, which quickly stopped the bleeding. She also washed the black paint off his face, gave him some venison and corn cakes and motioned him to eat, and pointed to a bark water bucket in the corner.

A little later she came again with the young man's pack and by signs made him understand that he should unroll his blankets and lie down on the mat in a corner of the room.

CHAPTER XXI

WITH THE MOHAWKS

IF the Mohawk woman had remained to see Jonas eat, she would have been well pleased with his appreciation of her hospitality. He had not eaten a full meal for two days and it was easy for him to observe the rule of Indian etiquette of eating all that was set before him. Having also quenched a burning thirst, he unrolled his blankets.

Toward the woman who had befriended him in his loneliness and distress he felt deeply grateful. She had not the face or figure of a ministering angel, she looked as homely and sad as only an old or middle-aged Indian woman can look; and Jonas felt that Indians are no more all alike than white people. How different this squaw appeared from the cruel hag that had caused his painful shoulder wound!

The young men in those days had little time to indulge in sentiment, but Jonas' mind flew to Newburgh to the time when his

mother shook up the straw and spread the blankets for him and Nathan.

A strange feeling of being tired and sleepy came over him. He felt as he did when he came home from some hard service with the militia. He thought of Ganadoga. Perhaps, if he had not insisted that they should take the horse along, the Mohawks might not have been able to track them. But Ganadoga had his gun and hunting bow, and he was as much at home in the forest as the deer. In due time he would appear.

He had not seen Jim since the woman took him away, but he knew enough of Indian ways to feel sure that Jim had not been harmed. Little Jim was just the kind of prisoner every bereft Indian mother could not help loving.

What a delightful feeling it was not to be tied up. Why didn't they tie him up or set a watch over him?

Yes, that was it. They knew that he could not leave the bark house without being seen, and that he would not try to escape without his little brother; and then the young man fell asleep.

It was dark when he awoke, and he had no way of judging what time it was; but the weird sound of an Indian drum rang through the night with its monotonous beat of "tom'-tom, tom'-tom, tom'-tom," in a one'-two, one'-two, one'-two time.

Jonas was alone in the cabin. He arose and walked to the open door. There was a fire in the distance, and the lad could just distinguish dark figures moving around the fire and the drummers. The Indians were having a dance. Perhaps it was a scalp dance around some bloody trophies, which the five raiders had secured before they made him and Jim captives.

"To-morrow night," Jonas thought, "they may want to give my hair a place on their dance program. Well, there will be some disabled Indians before they put my hair on a pole. No Indian will bind my hands again, unless he first knocks me down or kills me."

But as he listened, Jonas fell under the spell of that strange primitive music of the Stone Age, as does almost everybody who listens to the wild tom'-tom, tom'-tom, tom'-

tom, tom'-tom, to which primitive men danced, and our Indians dance to this day, with even more abandon than we do the alluring waltzes of Strauss.

Jonas was strangely tempted to walk over and take his place in the circle of dancers. But he remembered Ganadoga's warning that Indians are sticklers on etiquette and resent any forwardness on the part of strangers, so he lay down on the mat and rolled himself up in his blanket. But for some time sleep would not come. Why did Ganadoga not appear? It would be easy for him to enter the cabin in the darkness.

If Jonas had known where to find Jim and Ganadoga, he would have been ready to attempt his escape instantly. He did not suspect that the bark cabin was being closely watched.

It was fortunate for the white lads that Ganadoga knew that recently taken prisoners were always closely guarded, although the prisoners themselves might not be aware of the fact.

After some time the lad fell asleep again, and when he awoke a second time the sun

was shining through the chinks in the bark wall. He was alone in the cabin and the whole village was still sound asleep.

Jonas could not help thinking what a strange childlike kind of life these Indians were leading. Here they were in the midst of a great war. Their towns and fields had been destroyed, the once powerful tribes were now roamers and almost beggars on the face of the earth, but when a small war party came into the camp bringing in a scalp or two or a few prisoners, the whole camp danced and feasted all night.

Jonas felt much tempted to go outside to get some idea of the lay of the land. He remembered that there had been Indian towns, or "castles," as they were sometimes called, in the Genesee Valley for a long time. Little Beard's Town used to be on this river. Perhaps this camp was located on the site of one of the old towns.

But he decided to stay in the house. He had an uncanny feeling that the house was being watched. He lay down again and tried to sleep, but he had now had enough sleep, so he could do nothing but lie awake

and think of various possibilities, most of them evil, which the day might hold for him.

After he had been lying awake a long time he heard footsteps, and he hoped it might be the woman who had dressed his wounds and brought him food, but two young men appeared at the door and motioned him to come out.

He stepped out promptly and at a glance took in the whole situation. A little distance from the cabin the old men of the camp were assembled in council, and the young men had been sent to bring him bound before the council, as a man accused of crime may be brought before a judge or jury.

Jonas tried to make the young men understand that he was quite willing to come along, and that they did not need to tie his hands. But the young men talked in Mohawk, shook their heads and reached out for his arms. Then Jonas knew that a critical moment had come. He wrenched himself free, backed up against the wall of the cabin and called out in English, "Keep off! Keep off! I will come!"

But now one of the young Indians raised

his hatchet and came at Jonas. There was no longer any time for talking. The Mohawk might have been a good hunter, but he had never heard of the art of boxing, and before his vicious-looking hatchet could touch Jonas, a hard hit on the jaw felled him helpless to the ground.

To his own surprise, Jonas remained quite cool in this fight. He had gone over scenes like this many times, and felt as if he was carrying out a well-drilled plan.

“If I am to die,” he thought as he looked for a moment at the limp form of the Mohawk, “I might as well die now and die fighting. If I let them tie me up, I am at the mercy of every red fiend.”

CHAPTER XXII

JONAS BEFORE THE COUNCIL

HERE was an unusual spectacle, a prisoner showing fight. It did occasionally happen, but it was a very rare thing. Generally, by the time a captive reached the camp or village of his captors, he was so worn out by hunger, fatigue, and worry that there was no fight left in him.

No sooner had the report that the prisoner refused to be bound and had knocked one Indian down with his fist reached the council place and some near-by cabins, than a group of young men, some of whom were armed, ran to the spot of excitement.

Jonas, by this time, had backed into the entrance of his cabin, where he now stood repeating the words: "I will come, but you will not bind me!"

A tall, dignified man, a young war chief, now pressed through the crowd. "Go,

brothers," he said to them in Mohawk. "I shall bring the white lad."

Then he took hold of Jonas' left hand. "Come!" he said in English, "no tie hands!"

By this time an angry and excited crowd began to collect and the young chief called on a number of young warriors to surround him and his prisoner to protect the prisoner from the mob, for an Indian mob is as unreasonable as a mob of white people.

When he backed into the cabin, Jonas had made up his mind that his last day had come. A crowd was gathering, and some of the young bucks were fingering their guns. However, they hesitated to fire at him because he was now in the house that had been shown him as a refuge.

From this critical position the young war chief extricated him just in time, and led him before the council, where the warrior sat down with him outside the circle of the older men.

When the crowd had quieted down, a man arose and spoke to the council. Jonas understood that his fate was the subject of

the speaker's address, and that the speaker advocated that the white man should die, because he had made war on the Mohawks.

Jonas caught the general drift of the talk, but he did not think that the speaker had found much support for his opinion. But as this was the first time he had ever attended an Indian council, he was not at all sure that his impression was correct.

It so happened that the young man whom Jonas had knocked down was of that fresh and forward type of which a few are also found in almost every white community. The young man had caused the older leaders a good deal of trouble, and they were glad that he had been punished for rushing with a hatchet at an unarmed man, who had made no attempt to harm him or to escape.

The best men and women amongst the Indians did at this time no longer approve of the abuse and torture of prisoners, but, as is often the case in white communities, their number was too small to stop the outrages which they deplored.

When the first speaker had finished, the young war chief arose. He was serious and

modest in his attitude to the older men, who constituted the council; and Jonas could follow him fairly well.

“My fathers,” he said, “I am only a young man and have not done great deeds; and I do not understand many of the questions that have come up in this war.

“My brother has told you that this white man should die, because he has waged war on the Mohawks. My brother is mistaken. This white man is a friend of all the Iroquois. When I and my brother, the Little Panther, went on the warpath to the Susquehanna and the Mohawk, this white man and his friends could have killed us, but we slept in his house, and he and his friends gave us food.

“My fathers! This white man should not die by our hands. The Mohawks have never been ungrateful dogs. Our young warriors have brought the white man in as a prisoner. That was the will of the Great Spirit. The white man should now live with us and belong to our sachem, until such time when a Mohawk wishes to make him his son. I have spoken.”

There were numerous expressions of as-

sent, and it was decided that Jonas was to remain in the village and belong to the sachem or chief.

The council broke up and the young chief went back with Jonas to the latter's cabin.

By this time Jonas knew that the man who had saved him from the mob and had made a talk in his favor was Tanuhoga, one of the men whom Ganadoga's party had captured at the crossing of the small creek, and Jonas felt quite ashamed at the suggestions he had made to Ganadoga at that time.

In a little while, Jonas's Indian mother, as he had begun to call her in his mind, came with a large wooden bowl filled with venison and boiled hominy.

Jonas was delighted at seeing the food, and he was very much pleased to see that the woman had also brought two wooden spoons, for he disliked very much to use his fingers instead of a fork or spoon. It seemed that Tanuhoga was as hungry and thirsty as Jonas, for venison, hominy, and broth soon disappeared.

Before the woman went away, she said something to Tanuhoga, and Jonas thought

it had some reference to himself; but he could not make out what she said.

The learner of a new language always finds that he can understand some persons much better than others.

After they had eaten, Tanuhoga and Jonas visited as they had done at the deserted cabin near Schenectady. The Mohawk told Jonas that the woman who had brought them food was the wife of the chief to whom Jonas had been assigned and that he should go and work in the chief's cornpatch after they were through visiting. The chief and his wife, Oyaseh, he said were good people, and the chief had been against his people taking part in the war.

The most welcome news which Tanuhoga brought referred to Jim. The Mohawk felt sure that Jim would be adopted by the woman who had snatched him away.

“She and two other families have each a house and a patch of corn a mile down the river,” he continued, “and they often stay there several days working in their fields. Ganowah, that is the woman's name, lost her husband in the battle of Oriskany near the

old Fort Stanwix. She had a boy of about the age of your little brother, but he died of some sickness twelve moons ago, and I think Ganowah will adopt the white boy in his place.”

Jonas asked his visitor for news about Ganadoga, and Tanuhoga assured Jonas that he had seen the Oneida, but that Ganadoga had gone back to Fort Herkimer.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE INDIAN CORNFIELD

AFTER Tanuhoga had shown Jonas to the cornfield of Chief Nundawahno, the Indian took his leave saying that some day he would again come to visit him.

In a way Jonas was happy to work in the field. He felt grateful and elated at having passed almost unharmed through some dangerous events, and he was happy to know that Jim was safe and would be well treated. He wished very much to see Ganadoga, but naturally he was not worried about the young Oneida's safety. In a week or two Ganadoga would find them and then they would make new plans.

“In the meantime,” Jonas thought to himself and laughed aloud at the situation, “I am the hired man of Chief Nundawahno, sachem of the Mohawk village, located near the site of Little Beard's Town on the Genesee. So let us play the game and show

the chief how a white farmer can make the corn grow. I'll just fancy that I am working the place on shares."

And Jonas heartily enjoyed the game of playing hired man to a Mohawk sachem. He had done plenty of walking since he left Newburgh, but the strong muscles of his arms and chest were almost aching for want of exercise. Now he let himself out with the hoe and literally made the dirt and the weeds fly.

The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the heart of Jonas was flowing over with happiness and gratitude, although he was a captive.

Nundawahno's cornpatch covered nearly two acres, a large patch for an Indian family to plant, and still more difficult to care for, as all the work had to be done by hand. Before the war the Indians had just begun to use horses and cattle in a small way in their farming, but now nearly all their stock was destroyed. There were still a few stray horses in the country, because both whites and Indians abandoned their horses when the animals gave out.

Nundawahno's cornfield was in bad shape. The rains had given the weeds a fine start, but the corn looked thin and yellowish, as corn does when it is neglected in a wet season, before it is big enough to choke the weeds.

When the second evening approached, Jonas had been over the whole field once, and the plot began to look like a real cornfield rather than like an unsightly patch of grass and weeds.

The corn which Jonas had been hoeing was one of the varieties known as squaw corn. The ears are small and grow within a few inches of the ground; and the plant matures in a very short season. At the time of our story practically all Indian tribes, that lived in a country where corn would grow, cultivated some variety of this useful plant. The Chippewa Indians sometimes raised good crops of corn as far north as the islands in Lake of the Woods in northwestern Minnesota.

Jonas had thoroughly enjoyed his first few days as hired man of Chief Nundawahno. The principal hardship of the job was the

Indians' utter lack of system in their household management. There are no meal-times in an Indian camp. Everybody eats when he is hungry; that is, if there is anything to eat in camp. At such happy times, a kettle hangs over the fire in front of every lodge. That kettle may contain any kind of meat, game, fish, corn, and vegetable that happens to be on hand, and everybody goes to the fire and helps himself whenever he pleases.

There had always been something in the kettle that hung on the tripod in front of Nundawahno's lodge, and Jonas had been told to come and help himself, whenever he felt hungry. He had done so, but it had taken the appetite of a young man, who realized that he was living in an Indian camp, to enable him to look at the contents of the kettle and still feel hungry. The old-time Indians were not worried by a few feathers or scales getting into the soup. Don't we all know that birds spend a good deal of time keeping their feathers clean? And certainly a fish that lives in clean water cannot help keeping his scales clean. That

is the Indian's logic, and who will say that it is not good reasoning?

Oyaseh was one of the neatest and cleanest housekeepers in the camp. If Jonas had been quartered with one of the other kind, he would have wanted to live on green corn-stalks.

Nundawahno's cornfield had never looked so well. The leaves and stalks soon turned a rich dark green, the long leaves began to play in the wind like ribbons; and one could notice the growth of the corn from day to day.

After a few days, Nundawahno gave Jonas a hunting bow with a few arrows and a knife. The lad still spent most of his time in the cornfield, where the squash, melons, and beans demanded his attention as well as the corn. Most of the time he was alone, but sometimes boys and young men came to see the white lad work.

After Jonas had a bow, he was often able to add some small game, squirrels, rabbits, woodchuck, and grouse to the family kettle. This game he could eat with greater relish, because he always dressed and cleaned it be-

fore he gave it to Oyaseh. These different kinds of game, boiled with beans or hominy, were good enough for any camper.

A week soon passed by in this way, a week during which Jonas had been much alone and had had much time to think.

When the corn and the garden truck needed no hoeing or weeding, Jonas repaired the fence. It looked as if some white man had started it as an old-time worm fence of split rails, such as are now rarely seen and no longer built. They can only be built where both wood and labor are cheap. The fence had never been finished, but Jonas wanted to put it in such shape that the stray horses of the camp and of Indian visitors could not get into the field.

It would not turn deer, but they kept away from the noisy camps, and of cattle there were none left in the neighborhood.

For his work on the fence Jonas found an old white man's ax, which looked as if it had been used for breaking stones, but by means of an old file and pieces of sandstone, Jonas made it usable. The little axes of the

women and the war hatchets of the Indian men irritated Jonas, they made him feel as if he were playing with toy axes.

Oyaseh, whom Jonas called Mother, for some time very seldom spoke to him, although she saw everything he did, and often worked in the field with him. Her husband, Chief Nundawahno was away most of the time, but Jonas could not learn why he was away. Jonas suspected that the old chief was very fond of making a round of visits.

But one day, when he brought her the first mess of green beans, Oyaseh's heart opened. "You are a good lad," she said, "but you will not stay with us. Only bad white men stay with us." The words were spoken in a low voice, and Jonas never forgot the words and the sad face of his Indian mother, who had lost, as he learned later, four sons. Two had been killed in drunken brawls, and two had lost their lives fighting with Chief Brant on the side of the English.

Oyaseh was right. Only bad white men stayed with the Indians: Rumsellers, all kinds of lawless characters, and such black-

guards and traitors as Simon Girty, who had become more vile and brutal than the worst of the savages with whom he lived.

Since the outbreak of the war, even the missionaries, the only men who did not enter the Indian country for purely selfish reasons, had been compelled to leave. The Iroquois had no longer any fixed towns. Small bands and groups wandered about the country. They built temporary villages and raised a little corn during the summer, and they moved off to hunt or beg food of the British, when their scanty crops had been harvested. If indeed the corn was not all consumed green, long before it was ripe.

Nundawahno's village was such a temporary camp. Jonas felt as if the whole camp might break up any day and come back, when the corn was ripe.

This was the first time that Jonas tried to carry on a conversation in Mohawk, for during the last few days he had become worried again about Jim.

"Where is my little brother?" he asked Oyaseh, as she sat down on a stump in the field to rest.

“He is down river a little way,” Oyaseh answered. “Maybe he will come pretty soon, or I shall send for him.”

Jonas was not quite sure that he had understood every word. If Jim was well and safe, why was he never allowed to come and see his older brother?

But Jonas felt much encouraged. If he did not see Jim within a few days, he would again speak to Oyaseh, and ask her to send for him.

CHAPTER XXIV

JONAS MEETS HIS ENEMY

A FEW days later, while Jonas was again at work in the cornfield, he heard a lusty shout, and there came Jim racing down the field as if a whole tribe of Iroquois were after him. Jim was barefooted and hatless. He wore an Indian hunting shirt and his old linsey-woolsey trousers turned up to the knees.

“ Oh, Jonas,” he cried, “ I have had a great time with the Indians! The first day, Ganowah, that’s my mother now, made me stay in the house. She talked to me and made signs. I think she meant the boys would pick fights with me if I went outside. Jonas, I did have another fight with the big fellow, who tried to spit on me. But Jonas, he doesn’t know the first thing about wrestling. Honest, Jonas, I had him down in no time, and I was giving it to him good, when the whole bunch pitched on to me. But then Ganowah came along with a stick, and all



THERE CAME JIM RACING DOWN THE FIELD AS IF A WHOLE TRIBE OF IROQUOIS WERE AFTER HIM.—Page 221.

the red rascals ran. She got hold of me and boxed my ears, just like your mother used to do at Newburgh, but it didn't hurt very much. You see, Jonas, I had to fight; because he started in again to bully me. I think he will let me alone now."

Jim stayed with Jonas all day and he was allowed to sleep with him in the bark house. That was a great joy to both; and it seemed they would never get through talking over things that had happened since they were captured and separated. Jonas's wounds were entirely healed by this time, although each had left a plain scar.

"Honest, Jonas," Jim declared, after they had been talking a long time, "living with the Indians isn't so bad. That is, if a fellow happens to get a good mother. I would rather live with the Indians than have the mean boys at Newburgh call me 'Tory' every time they see me."

"Don't you begin liking it too well now," replied Jonas. "We have to find Nathan and get back to our own people."

"But you won't go and leave me?" pleaded Jim.

“No, of course not,” Jonas promised. “I hope nothing has happened to Ganadoga. It is strange that he has not looked us up. He must know where we are.”

Jim was allowed to stay with Jonas for a week, because during that time Ganowah was visiting Oyaseh.

Of the men in the camp the white lads saw very little. Most of the time the warriors were away. Sometimes they went off hunting for several days, at other times they were gone a week or two, and Jonas believed that they had either gone on some raid or were visiting friends and gathering news. While they were in camp, they spent most of their time sleeping and sitting around. Only the old men and the boys considered too young to endure the hardships of long journeys remained in camp.

About another point Jonas was very much in doubt. Were the Indians watching him or not? Sometimes he felt quite sure that nobody was watching him, and that he could have travelled many miles before his escape would have been discovered. Then again he was startled by coming unexpectedly upon

men or boys or even women, who he felt sure had been watching him for hours, before he discovered their presence. This happened several times during the week Jim was staying with him. It marred to some extent the pleasure of Jim's visit. Although the two were allowed to come and go as they pleased, they were not allowed the use of a gun, but hunting bows, knives, and hatchets they could use as they pleased.

When there was no work in the cornfield, the two friends roamed the woods in search of small game. Some of this game they cooked and ate by themselves as if they had been on a day's hunting trip in the woods near Newburgh; but they never failed to bring in a part of their bag to Oyaseh, whose sad features always lit up with a smile when the two white sons brought in game all dressed and cleaned and ready for the kettle that always hung on the tripod in front of her bark house.

Both of the lads had now picked up the Mohawk words for the most common things and activities of an Indian camp, and Oyaseh often talked to them, telling them where to go

for grouse, raccoons, and other small game. The lads were much surprised at her intimate knowledge of the country. She knew the course of every small creek, the position of every prominent rock and of many old and big trees. She could describe the trails for ten miles around the camp so accurately that Jonas was never in doubt where to go. He often marvelled at this ability of an aged Indian, and could not help comparing this trait common to most Indians with the vague descriptions and directions which most white people give to strangers when they ask for information about roads and places.

Jonas learned later that Oyaseh was a Seneca woman, who had been born on the Genesee and had spent her childhood and youth near the place where she was now living. The Genesee Valley was originally a part of the country of the Senecas, who were the most westerly tribe of the Iroquois League. Some of the trails and places which Oyaseh described to the white lads she had not seen since the time she was a young girl, some fifty years ago, when she went

with her mother after grapes and berries and different kinds of roots.

It was now the time when June-berries and strawberries were ripe, and the goose-berries were good if cooked and mixed with some maple sugar, of which, however, Oyaseh had but very little left.

It was on a berrying trip that Jonas again had an encounter with the Indian, Gray Wolf, whom he had knocked over when he was made to run the gauntlet. Jonas had seen the man a number of times. The fellow always scowled at the white lad, but never spoke nor offered any insult.

On this occasion, the white lads, following the trail to a June-berry thicket which Oyaseh had described to them, suddenly met Gray Wolf in company with another Indian. The white lads carried no arms, except their hunting-knives. Each of the Indians had a hatchet and knife, but no gun.

Although the white lads stepped out of the trail to let the Indians pass, Gray Wolf rudely pushed Jim over into the brush and punched Jonas in the side with the handle of his hatchet. Jonas dropped his bark basket

and stood ready to defend himself, but Gray Wolf grinned at him maliciously and went on.

“Some day,” Jonas vowed, as he wiped the blood off the scratches which Jim had received when he tumbled into the brush, “I shall lick that red coward within an inch of his life. But, Jim, you keep away from him. Don’t ever let him touch you again. Make for the brush when you see him coming.”

“Oh, I’ll duck all right, next time I see him coming,” Jim promised, “but I just wish I was big enough to fight him.”

The trip of the two white friends after this annoying incident turned out to be one of the most enjoyable they had taken since their captivity.

After walking about five miles on a dim trail, as Oyaseh had directed them, they came to an open spot in the timber, where tall bushes of June-berries were loaded with ripe black fruit, while here and there patches of wild strawberries painted the ground red.

The lads ate their fill of the delicious wild fruit. Then they ate their corn cake which

the Indian women had given them to take along, and then they picked some more berries for their dessert. No berries raised in gardens and sold in stores can ever have the flavor of ripe wild berries picked off the vines and eaten on the spot.

“Jonas, why is it,” asked Jim, “that eating lots of wild strawberries, June-berries, or blueberries never makes a fellow sick as other things do?”

“I suppose,” Jonas answered smiling, “the Great Spirit made these wild fruits for the Indians, who had no other fruit. And as he made a lot of wild fruit, so he made the Indians and the white people, too, so they can eat a lot without getting sick.”

In the afternoon the lads filled their bark baskets and started for camp early. They had had such a wonderful time and looked forward with so much pleasure to the feast they could make for their Indian mothers, that they had almost forgotten the incident with Gray Wolf; when suddenly, about a mile from the berrying ground, they saw the two Indians stand on the trail as if waiting for the white lads.

The blood rushed hot to Jonas' face as he saw them. Had these two rogues been watching them all day? Apparently they were waiting to pick a quarrel with him or even to murder him.

“Jim,” he warned the young boy, “you keep away from them. Don't let them come near you. Slip off the trail to the right.”

Jonas was strongly tempted, in order to avoid trouble, to do what he told Jim to do. But he quickly reasoned that Gray Wolf would interpret this as an act of fear, so he started to pass the men quietly on his own right after he had shifted the berry pail to his left hand.

When Jonas was opposite the two Indians Gray Wolf tried to push Jonas off the trail and spill his berries.

This act of malice was too much for Jonas. He set down his berries, and before the Indian knew how it had happened, he found himself doubled up in the brambles of a blackberry bush.

Jonas had expected that he would either have to run or defend himself against two men, and he felt much relieved when he saw

the second Indian laughing at Gray Wolf in the blackberry brambles.

But Gray Wolf did not take his punishment good-naturedly. As soon as he had gotten free of the brambles he came with a hatchet for Jonas, who had backed some twenty paces up the trail and now stood with his back against a big tree.

“You drop that hatchet,” Jonas called, raising up his left hand and drawing his knife with his right. “I’ll use the knife if you come near me with that hatchet!”

If the Indian had not understood the words of Jonas, he had understood his gestures. He stopped short, uttering some vile epithets in broken English, and the next moment he hurled his hatchet at Jonas’ head. Jonas barely dodged the missile, which stuck fast in the tree, and before the Indian had time to make another move Jonas had flung the hatchet into the woods as far as he could throw it.

Then Jonas dropped his knife and called, “Come on, Gray Wolf! Drop your knife and come on! I’ll give you a fair fight!”

But the Indian had apparently no stomach

for a fair fight, and was glad to follow his companion, who took him by the arm and led the way down the trail saying, "Come away! Come away! Chief Nundawahno will be angry if you hurt the white boys!"

Jonas had been too busy to take note of the doings of Jim; now the lad stood beside him with a stout hickory club in his hand. "Jonas," he cried, "if both of those Indians had pitched into you, I should have been there mighty quick with this club. Look! It is all sound dry hickory. Wouldn't I have liked to lay it on that fellow! He is a low-down Indian!"

"About as low-down dirty as some white men I know," Jonas assented. "Come, Jim, help me pick up my berries. I spilled some as I set down my pail."

"Perhaps we had better not follow the trail going home?" suggested Jim. "Gray Wolf may wait for us again."

"No, Jim," said Jonas, "we shall follow the trail. And if he waits for us again, he will get his licking to-day."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FIGHT

ALTHOUGH Jonas did not wish to cut through the woods to escape from being annoyed by Gray Wolf, the lads sat down for half an hour, so as to make sure that they would not catch up with him before they reached the Indian town.

“ We must go now,” Jim finally urged his older friend, “ or it will be dark before we get out of the woods. We might lose the trail and our mothers would be worried.”

“ Yes, we must go,” Jonas assented. “ Our mothers will begin to worry if we are not home by dark. They expected us back early.”

They walked briskly along the dim trail, which had not been used for several years. Clouds were coming up from the west and it began to grow dark under the trees sooner than they had expected.

“ Jonas, I am afraid,” whispered Jim.

“ Gray Wolf could shoot at us from the woods and we could not defend ourselves.”

“ I think he is too much of a coward to make a planned attack on my life,” replied Jonas, “ but we should be on our guard till we get out of the timber. Don’t talk any more, Jim; listen for sounds in the woods and on the trail ahead of us.”

It was really getting dark now. Some flying squirrels glided back and forth across the trail, but the lads were not in a mood to stop and watch their strange play. Several owls began to hoot in the tree-tops. A rabbit that had been squatting on the trail darted in frantic haste into the brush; and in the distance toward June-berry Hill, they heard the howling of wolves.

“ The deer must be coming back into this region,” whispered Jonas. “ Those wolves are driving a deer. I hope the deer will get away; but he will not, unless he reaches the Genesee River or a lake, where he can throw them off his track.”

Again they walked on in silence, listening to every sound.

“ Stop!” whispered Jonas when they had

come within a mile of the clearing. "Somebody is coming along the trail. Give me your hickory club, Jim. If that is Gray Wolf, he will get no chance to use a knife or hatchet on me. Step aside and wait."

There were two persons coming on the trail, and Jonas seized his club with both hands ready to strike.

The figures came nearer in silence. They carried no guns. That was reassuring. And then Jonas saw that they were two women. He dropped his club and picked up his berry basket.

"Mother," he said, and his voice choked a little, "it is good of you and Ganowah to come after us. We were delayed by a little trouble on the trail, but we have brought you many sweet berries from the hill."

But Jim threw his arms around his Indian mother, and then held up his basket to her. "Look, Mother," he cried, "the biggest berries you ever saw!"

"My son," said Oyaseh after Jim had quieted down, "you did stay too long, and Ganowah and I were worried. We thought you had lost the trail or some evil had be-

fallen you; but now we are glad that you have come back safe."

And then Jim took Ganowah's hand and told all about the trouble they had with Gray Wolf; and Jonas made no objection.

Both of the women listened attentively to Jim's story.

"It is good, my son," said Oyaseh, when Jim had finished, "that you told us the truth about Gray Wolf. He is a bad man, and has a bad influence on our young men. Tomorrow I shall tell Nundawahno that Gray Wolf must be sent away to his own village."

"But, Mother, he will not go," said Jim. "He likes it in this camp."

"Then some of Nundawahno's warriors will take him away," Oyaseh insisted. "He shall not stay any longer in our camp."

That evening, the two white lads and their Indian mothers made a feast at Oyaseh's cabin, where both of the women were staying.

The women had baked some corn-meal cakes, and the kettle was full of boiled squirrel and grouse and hominy. And in order to please their white sons the women had

put a little salt in the soup. For dessert they had June-berries and strawberries, with maple sugar for those who liked their berries sweetened.

The two women smiled when they saw the boys help themselves again and again, but they did not insist upon the rule of Indian etiquette that everything must be either eaten or carried away by the guests.

Very soon after the meal the lads bade good-night to their mothers, because they felt very sleepy after the long exciting day.

“Jonas, I’m so full, I can hardly wiggle,” remarked Jim while they were walking to their own cabin.

Before they lay down to sleep, Jonas closed the entrance to the cabin with large pieces of bark and poles.

“I don’t want to wake up,” he said, “and find that miserable Gray Wolf standing over me with a hatchet. A vicious harebrained white man is bad enough, but I’m afraid a foolish and vicious Indian is even worse. Jim, did you smell any rum about that fellow? I thought I did. Well, he cannot come in now without making enough noise to

wake me up. Any fellow that tries to break into this cabin will surely get a trouncing with the hickory club. I should vary the maxim of the Bible and think, 'Spare the rod and spoil the Indian.' Of course, Jim, you don't know what that means."

"Yes, I do," protested Jim. "It means that maybe you will make a good Indian of Gray Wolf, if you give him a good licking."

"That is about it," agreed Jonas with a laugh. "Jimmie, you are wiser than I thought you were."

The lads were both so tired that they soon fell asleep.

The night passed off quietly, and when Jonas awoke, it seemed to him as if yesterday's encounter with Gray Wolf were only a bad dream.

However, about a week later something much more serious occurred than the incident on the trail.

It was now the first week in July, and the lads and their Indian mothers looked forward to the time when the corn should be far enough advanced to furnish green ears for roasting and boiling.

There was one thing that worried the two lads a good deal: They were now entering upon their second month of captivity and they had not heard a word of Ganadoga; nor could they form any plan of sending word to him.

Could it be possible that, in spite of all his caution and experience, he had been captured or killed? If the Oneida did not appear very soon, Jonas felt that he and Jim would have to plan and do something without waiting any longer for their guide.

The lads had plenty of work, because they now also took care of Ganowah's cornpatch, while she stayed permanently with Oyaseh. If this work had not kept them in good health and caused them to sleep soundly at night, they would have been quite unhappy. For there was another matter, besides Ganadoga's continued absence, that caused both of them a good deal of worry: Gray Wolf had not been sent away. On the contrary, the lads saw him almost every day. He scowled viciously at the white lads, whenever he met them; and in the evening, he and a few of his friends disturbed the camp by a

great deal of boisterous singing and shouting.

“ Jim,” said Jonas one day, “ I think some of these young loafers have gotten hold of some British rum. Look out for them. Don’t let them lay hands on you.”

The corn was growing fast and a few days later Jonas picked the first roasting ears and took them to Oyaseh’s cabin. When he returned to the field, he saw some dark low figure among the stalks. His first thought was that a bear had discovered that the corn was now in season, but on looking more closely he discovered that it was an Indian in a crouching position who was pointing a gun at him. Jonas saw the flash in the pan and instantly threw himself down flat behind a pile of weeds and rubbish which he had carried out of the cornfield. A shot rang out, and several slugs whistled over the white lad’s head. Jonas did not give the Indian time to reload. Before the red villain could take the stopper off his powder-horn, Jonas was upon him. With a club that he was carrying, he knocked the knife out of the man’s hand, and then he rushed at him bare-fisted.

In this kind of a fight the Indian did not last long; and Jonas punished him, till he lay limp and helpless on the ground.

Then Jonas walked over to Nundawahno's cabin.

“My father,” he said, “Gray Wolf fired a load of slugs at me. I made him fight me with his fists, and he is now lying in the corn-field.”

CHAPTER XXVI

MORE ANXIETIES

THE next day Gray Wolf had disappeared and the white lads never saw him again, but they did not know for a long time what had become of him.

The life of Jonas and Jim now assumed a character which neither of them had ever expected to meet with as captives amongst the Indians. The old chief Nundawahno and Oyaseh treated Jonas in every respect as if he had been their own son, although they had not formally adopted him. Jim, on the other hand, had been put through a ceremony, which at the time he did not understand, but which meant, as he learned later, that Ganowah, who was a widow, had formally adopted him as her own son; and as such she treated him.

The young corn, now in the milk, furnished the people of the village with a steady supply of food. In addition Jonas and Jim

supplied their own household constantly with several kinds of small game.

Such a thing as game laws and closed seasons were not known to the Indians, but they were not wasteful with game and fish, and generally spared animals and birds that were taking care of young.

The first occasion when Jonas was allowed the use of a gun came about through a discovery of Jim.

One evening, at dusk, the lad came running, all out of breath, to Oyaseh's cabin.

"Jonas!" he called, "there's a bear in the cornfield. Sure, Jonas, a real bear! He is eating up the ears just like a hog."

Jonas instinctively seized the loaded gun in the cabin and ran out. A few minutes later a shot was heard, and in a very short time the news spread to every cabin that the white son of Nundawahno and Oyaseh had killed a bear.

It was the first bear killed at this camp, and the first head of big game killed by Oyaseh's white son. It was a young animal in good condition and, of course, the chief invited everybody to a feast that evening.

Green corn roasted on the cob, tender and fat young bear meat, sassafras tea, sweetened with maple sugar, did make a feast, which was enjoyed by every one in camp with a zest and appetite for which many a dyspeptic millionaire would gladly give half of his wealth. It was lucky that, as usual, most of the warriors and young men were away. If they had all been in camp, the bear would not have been big enough to give them all a full meal, for young and old were hungry for some good meat.

After the feast there was a dance. Three men sat in the center and beat a drum in that weird, tom'-tom, tom'-tom, tom'-tom measure; and Jim and Jonas both took part, for the first time, in an Indian dance, which lasted until after midnight.

“Jonas, if we don't leave this camp pretty soon,” said Jim as the white lads walked over to their cabins, “we can never get away again. We shall be Indians. I never thought Indians would treat their captives that way.”

After this event, the lads were allowed full liberty to go and come as they pleased. They

often hunted deer for miles up or down the Genesee River or west of the camp. For these hunts they were allowed the use of guns, and they soon became the hunters of the camp, to whom the women and children and old men looked for a supply of meat to go with the corn and wild fruit. For the time being, there was abundance in the camp. Oyaseh and Ganowah looked less sad, and chatted and laughed a great deal, and the children no longer looked hollow-eyed and sickly.

When the white lads went on a hunt, they told their Indian mothers in what direction they expected to go. If for any reason they came home late, Oyaseh and Ganowah worried and went out to look for them, but their actions showed that they had not feared that the lads had run away, but they had feared that some accident might have happened to them.

Jonas and Jim were no longer treated as captives, and it was evidently the wish of the Indians that the two white lads should stay with them permanently. Jonas often thought of the words of Oyaseh that only

bad men stayed with the Indians; but he had heard of cases of good men and women who had lived for years, if not permanently, among the Indians, and had been adopted as members of the tribe.

The white lads, however, were every day growing more restless. Chief Nundawahno and the other old men knew nothing of Nathan, and the warriors had not been in camp for a month, and nobody knew where they had gone and when they would return.

The continued absence of Ganadoga had become a source of much worry to the lads. It was now the month of August, and not a word or sign had they heard or seen of him.

“Jonas, I think he is dead or a captive like ourselves. Or perhaps he does not want to find us,” Jim would argue. “Maybe Kalohka surprised him and killed him.”

“Something has happened to him,” Jonas admitted. “He would not be a captive for two months without having a chance to escape. I know that he would not turn traitor and just leave us. Some misfortune must have happened to him, or we should have heard from him.”

Every day the lads looked and listened for a sign or a word from him.

“We cannot stay here much longer,” said Jonas, “or winter will be upon us, and our parents will begin to worry about us as much as they do about Nathan.”

Both lads felt confident that it would be very easy for them to escape, that is to start on their flight. If they left on a hunting trip early in the morning they could be twenty miles or even thirty away in the evening. But where would they go? Could they make the seventy miles to Fort Niagara without falling into the hands of another band of warriors, and being made prisoners again? They would have to risk the journey by land, for Jonas declared that he could not make an elm-bark canoe. “Ganadoga can do it,” he told Jim. “I could make a scow or a raft, but it takes an Indian to make a bark canoe.

“Well, Jim, we shall wait one more week,” Jonas decided. “Then if we do not hear from Ganadoga, we must plan something without him, but I declare I do not know what we should do.”

One afternoon when Jim was at work with his hunting-knife on a piece of dry hickory trying to make himself a hunting bow, his knife slipped, and he cut a bad gash in his left wrist. The wound bled profusely and, partly from loss of blood and partly from fright, Jim fainted away while he was trying to stop the bleeding.

When he came to, he was lying on a mat in Ganowah's cabin and Ganowah was holding up his hand above his head.

"My son," she said in a low and motherly voice, "you gave me a bad fright. I feared that you would die from losing much blood. I have put medicine on your wound and tied it up, but you must hold your hand up so the wound will not begin to bleed again. Now keep your hand up, while I go and bring you some hot broth from the kettle. Your face is still very white, and you must drink some hot broth and eat a little meat and corn."

In the evening Jim said he was all right again and Ganowah put his hand in a sling so it rested high against his right shoulder.

When he and Jonas were on their way to their own cabin, Jim broke out crying.

“Jonas,” he sobbed, “I can’t run away from Ganowah. You will have to go alone, Jonas. I can’t run away any more.”

CHAPTER XXVII

JIM'S WORRY

“DON'T cry, Jim,” Jonas tried to console the boy. “You should go to sleep now. To-morrow we can talk more. We don't have to run away just yet.”

The lads had long ago lost count of the days of the week and of the calendar days of the month. They knew from the changes of the moon that had occurred since they left Newburgh that it was now the month of August, but whether it was the middle of August or the end of it, they had no means of knowing. The Indians agreed that it was the month of August, the Month of the Ripening of the Corn.

Almost a week had passed since Jim had declared that he could not run away from Ganowah. The lads had been chasing the gray squirrels out of the cornfield and had caught alive a young raccoon that had also discovered that some of the corn was now

almost ripe. They had not done any hard work during the day.

“It feels just like Sunday,” Jim said, as he and Jonas were watching the play of the sun among the leaves and nodding ears of the corn. “Listen, Jonas!” he continued. “Do you hear the crickets and grasshoppers? They are chirping just as they used to do in our cornfield at Newburgh. It makes me think of home.”

All afternoon the lads sat around and talked as they often used to do on Sunday afternoons at home on the Hudson.

Toward evening they went over to the cabin of their Indian mothers for a meal of freshly roasted corn and boiled venison, although they had some corn and venison at their own cabin.

With August begins the season of plenty for all wild creatures and, in the old days, this was also the season of abundance for the Indians. Most of the tormenting flies and mosquitoes have disappeared in August. The deer are getting fat, the corn is ripening, the forest offers many kinds of wild fruit, and the little paws and the mouths of the

squirrels are tanned brown from sampling butternuts and walnuts.

The lads chatted a while with the old chief and the two Mohawk women, then they sauntered back to their own cabin, and about sunset they rolled up in their blankets.

They were just about to drop off to sleep, when Jim sat up in his blankets.

“I heard something, Jonas,” he whispered. “Listen, didn’t you hear it?”

The call came again, and Jim was going to jump up and run outside, but Jonas cautioned him.

“Don’t you go out,” he warned. “It may be a ruse on the part of Kalohka or some other enemy.”

But now the call came again, clear and unmistakable, “Peowee’, peowee’,” and Jim answered the call as well as he could. To the next call both lads replied, and a minute later an Indian peered cautiously into the doorway and softly repeated the prearranged signal.

The two lads held back no longer. They sprang up and rushed to the doorway.

“Doga!” cried Jonas under his breath.

“Doga, is it really you? We had almost given you up as lost and dead.”

“My friends,” spoke Ganadoga, “you have had to wait a long time, but I came back as soon as I could.

“When the Mohawks had captured you, I followed them and learned what became of you. But I could not show myself at that time, and that is the reason you never saw me, although I was near your cabin several times. But I found Tanuhoga, and he gave me his word that no harm should come to you.

“Then I travelled fast to Fort Herkimer to bring back such goods as the Indian women like, beads and red cloth.

“But when I was there the commander sent me to West Point with papers that he would give to no one else. I took them and expected to make a quick trip. But a great sickness fell upon me and I was put in the sick-house, the hospital, white people call it, with the white soldiers. I was sick a long time, and for many days I did not know that I was still alive, and I did not know that the white doctor gave me medicine. I talked

much to the soldiers and the doctors, but I do not remember what I said to them."

"Doga, what sickness did you have?" asked Jim.

"It was a fever," the Indian replied, "and I was very thirsty, but the doctors gave me very little water. And after I remembered where I was, I had to lie on a bed many days; and when I got up, I could not walk, for I was feeble like a very old man."

Then Ganadoga told the lads that he had not called on their people at Newburgh, but he had spent the time of a moon with his own people, the Oneidas, near Schenectady.

"My brother hunted game for me, and my mother cooked meat and made broth, and I ate and slept much till I was strong enough to travel, and now I am almost as strong as I was when we started on our long journey."

The lads offered their friend some roasted corn and cold venison. He ate a little of both, but told them that he had brought plenty of food from Fort Herkimer in his pack. Then he spread his blanket on the floor, saying:

"I have travelled many leagues to-day,

and now I must sleep, because I had not a good place to sleep in last night."

In the morning the white lads were much disappointed because Ganadoga would not go with them to Nundawahno's cabin.

"You must not tell the Mohawks," he urged, "that I have visited you. I know that Kalohka has been at this camp, and he must not know that I have been here. I must leave now to prepare for our journey to Fort Niagara. In about a week I shall come back, and then I may go with you to the chief and your Indian mothers."

"Doga, where are you going now?" asked Jim anxiously. "And why can't we go with you till noon?"

"No, you cannot go with me now," insisted Ganadoga. "Three men are too easily seen by scouts and hunters, and I must make a quick trip to the Lake Skanodario, to find a place where we can leave the land and go upon the water."

"But I am afraid you will be gone again a long time," Jim expressed his anxiety.

"No, Little Brother," replied the Oneida, trying to quiet Jim's anxiety, "the soldier

doctor said I would never be sick again with the fever, and I do not fear other dangers.”

After Ganadoga had eaten a little venison and roasted corn, and had given, as a great treat, some salt pork from Fort Herkimer to his white friends, he shook hands with them and set out on a trail that led northward into the forest.

Jim was almost ready to cry when Ganadoga had disappeared, and he had to hold himself not to scream and run after him.

“I wanted to ask him,” he almost sobbed, “how—how we could get away. We can’t run off, Jonas. You know we can’t!”

“I don’t know, Jimmie,” Jonas spoke kindly. “You must stop worrying about that. Perhaps Doga can tell us how to get away.

“Now let us get ready, Jim, to go on a deer-hunt to-day. If we have luck, we can smoke the meat right away; and to-night we can surprise our mothers, when we come home with a whole load of meat. I shall load the guns now, and you go and tell our mothers that we are going on a long hunt west of camp.”

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE WHITE LADS MYSTIFIED

IN about a week, Ganadoga returned with a most wonderful assortment of beads, and with two small bolts of the brightest red cloth Jim had ever seen.

Even Jim could not resist the temptation to open the little bags of beads and to spread them out on a large piece of buckskin, where he arranged them in a little rainbow of colors.

To Oyaseh and Ganowah, this glittering rainbow of shining glass beads and the bolts of dazzling red cloth were irresistible. Here was a display of beauty and wealth which surpassed all their dreams; for they had been desperately poor ever since General Sullivan had made his destructive raid into the Iroquois country. They had been so poor that seldom had they had enough to eat. But now they were once more almost as happy as in the good days before the war.

The two white sons had raised enough corn and squash and beans to carry them comfortably through the winter.

Both of the women cried at the prospect of losing their white sons, but to their simple minds the present of the rainbow of beads and the dazzling red cloth was irresistible. They were soon persuaded by Ganadoga's fluent speech to let the white sons go to seek their lost brother and to return to their own people.

But Ganowah was heart-broken and Oyaseh looked as sad as at the time when she came to dress Jonas's wound.

"I knew you would not stay with us," she repeated to Jonas. "Only bad white men stay with the Indians. You have been a good son, and I shall always think of you when I pray to the Great Spirit. But now you must go to seek your lost brother, and if you find him, you must return to your white mother, so she may not be sad as I was, when my two sons did not return from the war with Tayendanaga, the great war chief of the Mohawks."

Ganadoga and the white lads left that

same day, when the sun had passed half-way down to the western horizon.

Jim and Jonas had wished to stay until the following day, but Ganadoga insisted that they must go at once.

When the moment came for the white lads to take leave of their Indian mothers and of the good old chief Nundawahno, Jim's voice was choked with feeling; and as soon as he could, he seized his pack and ran off on the trail they were to follow northward.

Half an hour later, Jonas and Ganadoga found him sitting on a log near the trail, looking more sad and forlorn than they had ever seen him in all the dangers and hardships of their journey.

“Jonas, if I hadn't run,” he told the older boy, “I should just have started to bawl out loud. But why couldn't we stay till to-morrow?”

“Little Brother,” replied Ganadoga seriously, “it was very hard for Ganowah and Oyaseh to let their white sons go. If we had waited till to-morrow they would have talked it over with the other women in camp, and then they might have changed

their minds. The young warriors may come home any day, and I feel sure they would object to letting you go.

“ I know that they grumbled a good deal amongst themselves at the decision of the council, but they kept quiet, because they expected to eat some of the corn next winter which you and Jonas have raised. But if they had come home and had learned that you were to go away, they would have caused us much trouble, and all of them would have demanded a present. For you must know that there is no real law in an Indian camp as there is among white men and in the camp of white soldiers. If the chief has enough influence, the warriors obey him; but if he wants them to do something which they all dislike very much, then they sometimes refuse to obey him.”

Before the sun set, Ganadoga left the trail and made a camp for the night in a grove of sugar maples, a sugar bush, as it is called by white men in these days. Here they slept in a bark cabin, which the Indians had built for use in the maple-sugar season.

Ganadoga called his friends early in the

morning, and they marched swiftly all day until in the middle of the afternoon they reached the west shore of Irondequoit Bay, which runs out southward from Lake Ontario. Here they waited till it was almost dark. Then Ganadoga led them down to the shore, where they found a good elm-bark canoe.

“Doga, did you know the canoe was here?” asked Jim.

“Yes,” replied the guide, “I knew it was here.”

Jim did not ask any more questions, but Ganadoga saw that he was puzzled and surprised and wanted to ask many questions, and he anticipated Jim’s questions good-naturedly by solving the mystery of the canoe.

“I did not make it, Little Brother; and it was not brought here by Indian witchcraft,” he told him. “Tanuhoga left it here for us. It has been here several days.”

At the mention of Tanuhoga’s name Jonas stared at Ganadoga.

“Well, Doga, I declare,” he exclaimed, “I shall not be surprised if some day you

tell us you have been across the salt water to see the king of England. Was Tanuhoga with you in the hospital at West Point?"

"No, he was not there," the Oneida replied, a little displeased at the thrust. "I told you the truth about my being in the sick-house with a long fever, but I have seen Tanuhoga quite often; and we shall see him again. Did you see the green twig of ash under the canoe, brother?"

Neither Jonas nor Jim had seen it.

"It was there," Ganadoga told them, "and it means that all is well and that Tanuhoga will meet us at Fort Niagara. He will not fail.

"A dry twig of ash would have told me: 'Travel with great care and look out for danger!'"

"You Indians are strange people," declared Jonas. "I suppose Tanuhoga could hide a jack-knife in the woods a hundred miles from here, and then you could go and find it."

"Yes, brother, I could do that," answered Ganadoga, smiling, "if Tanuhoga told me in what place he had hidden it.

“ We Indians know our way and can find things and places in the forest because we and our fathers have always lived in the forest; and white sailors can find their way across the big salt water, where, for many days and nights, you cannot see the land.”

When the three travellers had crossed Irondequoit Bay, they camped for the night. Ganadoga built a fire and said: “ Friends, we shall make a feast to-night. We travelled fast because I was afraid the young warriors of Oyaseh’s camp might have come home and might be following us. We have come about thirty miles. To-morrow, if the wind is right and the waves are not too high, we shall start for Fort Niagara, which is about seventy miles to the west, where the great river Neagah flows into the big lake Skanodario.”

CHAPTER XXIX

ON LAKE SKANODARIO

WHEN, early next morning, the elm-bark canoe passed out of the narrow sheltered bay, Jim's heart almost failed him. To the west, east, and north, there was an endless expanse of shining water. A fresh breeze was blowing from the southeast and some miles out from shore the white spray of thousands of rolling and breaking waves glistened in the morning sun.

Far out on the lake a white sail was visible. "It is a ship of the English," explained Ganadoga. "It is sailing from Oswego to Fort Niagara, and it will reach the fort before sunset, because it is sailing with a fair wind."

The south shore of Lake Skanodario is almost everywhere so high that a wind from the south leaves a stretch of quiet water under the high bank, where canoes and small boats may pass safely. But the winds that

come from the north roll up big waves, which dash against the banks; and every year they wash away large pieces of the land.

All day long the three travellers glided along westward under the lee of the high bank. It seemed to Jim that Ganadoga steered too far from shore, where the wind caused a swell that gave him a touch of seasickness. But Ganadoga said it was safer to run at some distance from shore.

“There are some big rocks near shore,” he explained, “that might wreck us. And if we paddle within reach of guns from the shore, the British and Indian scouts might see us and compel us to land, so we must travel at a safe distance from land.”

Jim soon grew tired of paddling, and in the afternoon Jonas made him lie down in the bottom of the canoe and take a nap.

Jonas himself also had to take many short rests. The canoe had no seats and each oarsman knelt on his blanket. Ganadoga alone never seemed to tire of using the paddle, with quick, short strokes.

“Paddling a canoe is to an Indian like walking,” he explained laughing. “My

mother took me along in a canoe on the Mohawk when I was so little that she had to give me a very small paddle."

There is no harbor for large vessels on the south shore of Lake Ontario between Oswego and Fort Niagara, but a number of small creeks enter the big lake through little bays or ponds which make beautiful and safe landing-places for canoes and rowboats.

Into one of these ponds, formed by a small stream now called Marsh Creek, Ganadoga steered the canoe, when the sun stood low in the west.

"We have come half the distance to Fort Niagara," he said, "and now we must eat and make a place to sleep."

There was no sign of a permanent Indian village at the place, but several old campfire places showed that hunters and travellers had at times stopped at the place.

After the lads had eaten of the food brought from the Mohawk camp and Fort Herkimer and had prepared their sleeping-places under the trees, the white lads asked Ganadoga to tell them all the news of the war.

“Of the war I cannot tell you much,” began the Oneida, “but you should know that I wrote a letter to your parents from Fort Herkimer. I told them that you lived in a camp on the Genesee, that you were well and that Little Brother had begun to grow, and that in a few days we should start together for Fort Niagara. A good Oneida scout will deliver the letter to your parents.”

Jonas and Jim were very thankful to Ganadoga for his thoughtfulness, because it had been impossible for them to write home.

“The war is dead on the Hudson,” continued Ganadoga. “The American soldiers still have the big guns on the mountains at West Point, and the big chain is still stretched across the river, so the British are afraid to come up the Hudson.

“Cornwallis is still in Virginia, and I heard that Washington has left New Jersey, and there is a rumor that a French admiral is coming to Chesapeake Bay with many big war-ships, but I do not know if all I have heard is true.”

“This is now the month of September according to my reckoning,” said Jonas.

“Yes,” agreed the Oneida, “it is the moon when the birds start south, and in the country of the Iroquois it will soon be winter, but in Virginia the soldiers can march and fight all winter.”

Next morning the wind had veered around to the northeast, and great white-capped waves broke on the little sandy beach that separated the big lake from the pond on which the lads had made their camp.

For a week the south shore was impassable for a canoe, because the wind swung around to the northwest; and the waves were too big, although the steady wind never grew into a gale.

The lads had plenty of time to sleep and talk; and Ganadoga was not worried. He said no Indians or British would come to this camp site as long as the wind blew across the lake.

Jim’s patience was again sorely tried, but Ganadoga would not risk travelling by land through a hostile country.

“We have time enough,” he maintained, “and I do not wish you to be captured by the Mohawks a second time.”

There were plenty of fish in the creek and the Oneida showed Jim how to spear them with a pointed and barbed stick. When Jim was not fishing he went out after small game with Ganadoga's hunting bow, and when he grew tired of hunting, he gathered walnuts, butternuts, and hazelnuts. There were always many ducks and coots, or mud-hens, on the pond, but Ganadoga would not let Jim fire a gun, and he could not hunt them with the bow for fear of losing his arrows.

The quacking of the ducks and the bobbing of the coots acted as standing challenges on Jim, and he shied many a stone at them, but he never hit one, and the birds, soon learning to pay little attention to him, became a source of constant annoyance to Jim, but a source of much amusement to Jonas and Ganadoga; for the birds acted as if the pond belonged to them. After they had swum over to the other side, they ignored the intruder.

At the end of a week, the lake became calm and Ganadoga advised that they should now leave the mouth of Marsh Creek and con-

tinue their journey to Fort Niagara by way of Lake Ontario.

Jim had become so attached to this camping-place that he wished to stay a few days longer, so he could gather some wild rice, which was just ripening, but Ganadoga thought delay might prove dangerous.

“British scouts,” he warned his friends, “or Indian hunters might turn in here; and if that should happen, there is no telling what trouble they might cause us.”

The three friends started at daylight and expected to make the trip in one day. But weather conditions on the Great Lakes are treacherous. In October and November violent storms roll up dangerous choppy waves; and in summer, dense fogs appear quite suddenly.

The lads had been making good progress for some five or six hours, when a dark low cloud began to appear in the west.

“Doga, I think it is going to rain,” said Jim pointing westward. “Look at that cloud.”

“I fear it is something worse than a rain,”

replied Ganadoga. "It looks to me as if we were going to run into a fog."

Sooner than the white lads had expected, the canoe was enveloped in a dense chilly fog, which made the travellers feel as if they had suddenly run into late autumn weather.

"Friends, we must go ashore," said Ganadoga. "We might wreck our canoe on the rocks or get lost on the big lake."

By the time they had landed, the fog had grown so dense that they could see less than fifty yards in either direction.

The place where they had run ashore was no natural landing-place at all. A steep clay bank, some thirty feet high, fell straight down to a narrow beach, strewn with boulders of all sizes.

"It is a bad place to land," observed Ganadoga, "but the south shore of the lake is like this for nearly the whole distance from Oswego to Fort Niagara, except where a creek enters the lake, but we cannot look for a creek in this fog."

So they dragged and pushed the canoe part way up the steep bank and turned it over in a gully, where the waves could not

reach it and where the wind could not blow it down, in case a storm should spring up.

Then they carried their blankets, guns, food, and canvas shelter up the steep bank and made camp in a sheltered spot a short distance back from shore. It was hard work, but all three of them were hardened campers by this time and they went at the work with a will.

“Little Brother, you may build a good fire,” said Ganadoga, “so we can cook our food and be warm and dry, for no one will see our smoke in the fog in this lonely place.”

Next morning the lake was clear and calm again; and about noon, Ganadoga landed the canoe on a fine sandy beach, which separated the lake from a beautiful wood-fringed pond, part of which was covered with water-lilies and tall wild rice. A small creek cut through the sand-bar into the lake, and a flock of mallards arose noisily from the pond, as the travellers carried their canoe across the sand-bar.

“The ducks on this pond are wild,” explained Ganadoga, “because hunters often come here from Fort Niagara. This is Four

Mile Creek, but we cannot see the fort on account of the high bank and the timber. We shall eat here and rest for a while.

“You may boil plenty of corn and fry some meat while I walk up the creek a little way.”

Before the corn was quite done, Ganadoga returned, and to the surprise of the white lads brought a guest with him. It was Tanuhoga, the young war chief from the Genesee.

“Oh, Doga,” Jim blurted out, “where did you find him?”

“Little Brother,” replied the Oneida smiling, “I found him asleep under a big tree on the creek, where I had promised to meet him. We shall now make a feast for our brother.”

The four friends did make a feast, and early in the afternoon they rounded the point near the big old French stone fort, steered their canoe into the broad and swift Niagara River, and lifted it ashore near the spot where the men of the United States Coast Guard now keep their boats at old Fort Niagara.

Jim's heart beat fast. The place looked forbidding to him and more formidable than the fortifications at West Point. "Jonas," he whispered, "what will that big red-coated guard do to us?"

CHAPTER XXX

BIG NEWS

TANUHOGA spoke a few words to the red-coated guard, and the man waved his hand to the four friends as a signal to pass on.

Jim would have liked to know what Tanuhoga had said to the guard, but he did not quite have the courage to ask him.

The young boy was very much surprised. He had expected that there would be some excitement in the fort at the appearance of two Indians and two white lads, but there was nothing of the kind. There were about four hundred English soldiers and many visiting Indians in the fort. Soldiers off duty and some visiting Indians looked with indifference at the strangers, while officers and men on duty paid no attention to them at all. Nobody put the strangers in jail or in a guard-house; they were not even taken before an officer for examination. It was a decidedly tame reception compared with the

welcome the two white lads had received in the Indian camp.

Somehow Tanuhoga seemed well acquainted about the place. He led the way to a tent in which some straw had been spread on the ground. "We sleep here," he said, and the three men put down their packs.

"Mess call pretty soon," he remarked. "You can go and wash."

For the first time since the white lads had been captured, they had a chance to use soap, towel, and comb, and see their faces in a mirror. At the Indian camp they had just washed and bathed in the creek or river. Their hair had grown long, and their faces were almost as brown as those of the Indians. Their hats had been lost and they had gone about bareheaded like the Indians.

When mess call sounded Tanuhoga led the way to a table which seemed to be reserved for visitors, and here Jim became very much interested. If being prisoners of the British was like this every day, he thought he could stand it for some time. There was none of that scarcity of food that had been

so evident in the American stockade and at Fort Herkimer. Jim wondered if the British commander was giving them a feast.

They had bread and butter, fresh beef, even potatoes, not yet very common in those days, and real tea with real sugar.

“Jonas, if they had any cream,” whispered Jim, “I could think we were at home on the Hudson.

“Doga,” he remarked, when the four friends were walking back to their tent, “the English are really pretty fine fellows, if they treat all their prisoners in this way. If they are like this, why don’t they quit fighting us?”

“Perhaps they will quit pretty soon,” replied Jonas. “Before the snow flies we ought to hear some big news.”

It developed that the English at Fort Niagara were not at all desirous of having any more prisoners. When Tanuhoga, who was well known to the commander and trusted by him, had several days ago assured this officer that his friends were not American spies and would not cause trouble, he had been told that he might bring

them in. They might all stay as long as they liked and see what they could find out about the lost young American.

The white lads wrote a letter home telling of their whereabouts and present plans.

They intended now to talk to soldiers and Indians and thus try to discover a clue to the movements of Nathan.

The story that Nathan had been brought in as a prisoner by some Seneca Indians they soon verified. But to learn how he had escaped or what had become of him was more difficult.

After they had gained the confidence of some British soldiers, one of them told the following story in his broad cockney English:

“ It was a foggy night. I was on guard duty at the boat-landing. As I walked along the shore, I thought I saw something go past. I could not make out in the fog whether it was a boat or a raft, but I thought I saw a man stand up with a pole or oar. The whole thing passed so quickly and was so dim that I did not feel sure that I had really seen anything. I called to the spook,

but it was gone, and I received no answer. The current there runs about ten miles an hour into Lake Ontario.

“ I knew quite well that the officer of the day would send no men out on the lake in the fog. If I had given an alarm, the men would have laughed at me and the sergeant would have cussed me out; so I kept my mouth shut.

“ The next morning Nathan Stillwell was gone, and an old raft from which soldiers and boys used to fish was also gone. Then I knew that I had not seen a ghost in the fog, but I kept my mouth shut.

“ How the young man reached land, I do not know, but I know that he was not drowned or lost in the fog, for about a month later one of my friends saw him at Presque Isle on Lake Erie.

“ Now I have told you what I know about the lost young man, and all I ask of you is that you be discreet and not get me into trouble. We soldiers are all homesick and hope this horrible war may soon be over, so we can leave this terrible Indian wilderness behind us and go back to old England.”

Both Ganadoga and Tanuhoga were convinced that the man had spoken the truth. But why should Nathan have gone to Presque Isle?

There seemed only one reasonable answer to this question. Presque Isle is a point of land within the present city of Erie, Pennsylvania. Nathan had always wanted to see what was then the West. Possibly he was on his way to Pittsburgh, where George Rogers Clark enlisted some of his men for his campaign into the Illinois country. It would be very difficult, if not impossible to trace him in that wild country, so at least it appeared to Jonas and Jim.

Ganadoga and Tanuhoga said the red-coated soldier had given them very good news. They should now all wait at Fort Niagara until the weather grew cold. Then many Indians would come to Fort Niagara to get something to eat. They would talk with these Indians; and, maybe, they would hear some more news. Then in spring, when travelling was good again, maybe they could all go to the Ohio or Illinois country and find the lost white brother.

Jim was very much disgusted with this plan.

“ Good Heavens! Jonas,” he expressed his feeling, “ all fall and winter they want us to sit around here! I’m tired of fishing. You can’t go swimming in the river, because the awfully swift current will carry you out into the lake. I wish I was back at Newburgh; there I could have at least a fight every day.”

“ Why don’t you go swimming at Four Mile Creek? ” asked Jonas. “ You know there is a fine beach at that place.”

“ Oh, you know well enough, Jonas, that I can’t go there alone. Some Indians would catch me again, and then you and Doga and Tanuhoga would have to hunt around after me, too, and we’d all become Indians and never get home again.

“ If you are going to stay here all winter, then I’m going back to my Indian mother. I don’t like it here! ”

However, the autumn passed quickly enough. The four friends explored together the wonderful gorge of the Niagara, with its miles of wild, racing, and leaping rapids.

The two white lads climbed down under and behind the falls on the American side, but here the two Indians would not follow. All four of them built a fire and roasted venison on an overhanging rock, which about seventy years later fell with a great crash down into the gorge, a hundred and sixty feet below.

The nights grew cool and in the morning there was frost on the grass. Most of the leaves had fallen, and thousands of wild ducks appeared on quiet stretches of the river, on the lake, and on Four Mile Pond.

And then one day some really big news came to the far outpost on the Niagara: Cornwallis and all his men, about eight thousand of them, had been captured by Washington and his French allies. The war was over! England would never send another big army to America. She had too many enemies in Europe and Asia, and many Englishmen had long been opposed to the war.

Jim and Jonas both wanted to run about in the fort and shout. But such celebration was impossible. They could not offend the English officers and soldiers, who had treated them so nobly. But celebrate they must.

It was the last day of October, twelve days after Washington's great success on the nineteenth of the month.

An hour before dark the four friends landed at Four Mile Creek. Their bark canoe was loaded to the gunwales. There was venison and fish, bread and butter, bacon and beef, even some cookies, and real tea and sugar. How and where Tanuhoga had secured all these he did not tell. His only answer was: "All good medicine. I got him all good."

Jim was told to build a bonfire of driftwood and any other kind of wood he could find. Both Jim and Jonas yelled their throats sore for George Washington and the army, and Ganadoga and Tanuhoga gave their real Indian war-whoops, just to add to the fun and the noise made by their white friends.

An English patrol boat passed, and landed two men to find out what the bonfire and all the noise was about.

Jim heard one of the men call out, "Just a bunch of wild Indians having a feast!"

"Hang the Indians!" a voice came from

the boat. "They are always feasting. They will eat the whole British Empire into bankruptcy!"

CHAPTER XXXI

INTO THE NEW UNKNOWN

THE wisdom of Tanuhoga's plan of remaining at Fort Niagara during the winter became evident as soon as the cold weather set in about the first of December.

Indians of many tribes and from many distant localities came to this important English fort at the mouth of the Niagara River; for Fort Niagara was second in importance on the Great Lakes only to Fort Detroit.

There came members of all the Iroquois tribes, although not many came of the Oneidas and Tuscaroras. But there came, also, warriors and scouts from the powerful tribes then living in Ohio and Illinois. All these talked freely to the two Iroquois, Ganadoga and Tanuhoga.

“We should have to travel a year,” Ganadoga told his two white friends, “to talk to the warriors and scouts of so many tribes, and they would not tell us the truth so freely

as they do here in the English fort, therefore, you should be patient and willing to wait. We may hear of your lost brother before the birds return north."

Some of the Indians brought prisoners to the fort, whom they gave up for gifts of food and clothing.

How their two Iroquois friends could tell to what tribes the many Indians belonged remained a mystery to Jim and Jonas, because all Indians looked much alike to them.

The two white lads seldom were allowed to meet any of the Indians. "They would tell you nothing," Ganadoga insisted. "We can talk to them because some of our men speak their languages, and some of the Western Indians can speak the Mohawk language."

When members of the Seneca tribe were in the fort, Ganadoga always kept his two friends in hiding, because he was afraid that they might claim the two lads as their captives and demand that they be given up to them.

It was in the month of March when Ganadoga brought some news.

“We have talked to an Indian who has been at the falls of the Ohio,” he told his friends. “Your brother has been in Kentucky with the great white Chief Clark. When the ice has gone out of Lake Erie we shall travel to Kentucky, and Tanuhoga will go with us, so you will not be made captives again, for the western warriors might kill you and take your scalps to the English hair-buyer at Detroit.”

The falls of the Ohio are at the present city of Louisville, near which Clark built a fort.

On a fine day early in April, 1782, the four friends paddled their bark canoe from Fort Niagara against the swift current of the Niagara River to Lewiston. At the latter place began a great portage trail, seven miles long, past the wild rapids and the Falls of Niagara.

At Lewiston the four men found a British army wagon, which transported them, their canoe, and packs to Fort Schlosser, which stood in those days about a mile and a quarter above the great falls. Between Lewiston and Fort Schlosser there had long

been a wagon road, one of the oldest in America, built by the French before the French and Indian War. The road followed the old portage trail of the Indians.

At Fort Schlosser, which the French called Fort Little Niagara, the four friends put their canoe once more on the river and paddled up-stream toward Lake Erie.

When they had made camp in the evening some fifteen miles west of Fort Schlosser, and about five miles from the site of the present city of Buffalo, Jim could no longer control his anxiety.

“Doga,” he asked, “how can you and Tanuhoga know the way to Kentucky when you have never been there? And can you find the way home if we go there?”

“Yes, Little Brother,” replied Ganadoga, “we know the way.”

Jim looked still doubtful and anxious, and Ganadoga tried to quiet his fears.

“White men,” he said, “tell of many countries and distant seas in their books. We Indians learn of many rivers and trails from the mouths of our fathers and the old men of our people. We know that the great

river Ohio flows past the fort of Chief Clark.”

“ But how can you find the river Ohio? ” asked Jim still uneasy. “ Jonas and I don’t know where it is, and we are not travelling now in the country of the Iroquois. Perhaps we shall get lost, because we are so far away from your country.”

“ No, Little Brother,” replied Ganadoga patiently, “ we shall not get lost. We know the way although we have never travelled in this country. We have talked to many Indians and they have told us the way which is easy to find.”

“ I am sure Jonas and I could not find it,” Jim interrupted, “ but I know Indians can find places which white people can’t find. I guess you can do it, because you travelled in canoes and on trails ever since you were small boys.”

“ Yes, since we were very little boys,” Ganadoga repeated smiling. “ To-morrow or next day, we shall carry our canoe to the waters which flow to the river Ohio. You will see that we know the way; and it may be that we shall find your lost brother in the

country which the white men call Kentucky. Our travelling will be easy, because we shall go with the stream for more than two hundred leagues."

Jim did not have the courage to ask any more questions. He rolled himself up in his blankets and fell asleep. But in the morning it seemed to him that in his dreams he had been travelling down a large river all night. The river was always growing larger, but it never came to an end, and Ganadoga said even the Indians did not know where it ended, for none of them had ever travelled to the end of it.

"You must have dreamed about the Mississippi," Jonas remarked. "The Indians in this part of the country know the Ohio, but of the Mississippi they know neither the beginning nor the end."

As Ganadoga had promised, the two Indians found the portage from Lake Erie to the Ohio. They carried their bark canoe, not without great labor, from Lake Erie to Lake Chautauqua; and from this lake they paddled down Conewango Creek, one of the headwaters of the Ohio. At this time of the

year all small streams ran full, and they had no great difficulty in reaching the Ohio.

They travelled slowly and made many camps, living on small game, fish, and turtles.

At times one of the Indians would be gone for a week, but either Ganadoga or Tanuhoga always remained with the white boys.

They met small parties of Indians, but the Iroquois and their two white companions were always treated as friends, although even the white lads knew that these Indians had been on raids or were preparing to raid the scattered settlements in Kentucky.

About the tenth of August, 1782, Ganadoga one evening returned to camp very much excited.

“My friends,” he related, “I have big news. I have talked with some Shawnee warriors and they have told me that the lost white brother is in one of the forts the white men have built. He is either at Lexington or at a place the white men call Bryan’s Station, about five miles north of Lexington. They saw him on the road between the two forts about two or three moons ago.”

In the East, at this time, the war was standing still; but in Kentucky, the year 1782 was the bloody year. The Indians made many raids and attacked several of the fortified stations.

Some days later, when the four friends had made a fireless camp within a few miles of Bryan's Station, Ganadoga again came in with big news.

"My friends," he said with a worried expression, "we are in great danger. There are many Indians in the forest near us, and the bad white man Simon Girty is with them. I think they are planning to make a rush into the stockade of Bryan's Station. I have crawled up to their campfire and listened to their talk. If they find us, I am afraid that they will kill Jim and Jonas and take their scalps to Detroit."

Jonas advised that they should all try to reach Bryan's Station after dark, but the two Iroquois were afraid to enter the American fort.

"The Americans are very angry at the Indians," they explained. "They may not let us in, and they will not believe that we

are friendly Iroquois, because we are very far, maybe five hundred miles, from our own country. They will think we are English spies from Detroit and some of them will kill us.”

After talking things over some more, it was decided that the white lads alone should enter the stockade.

Near the fort was a field of tall corn, extending along the road from Lexington. In this field the four friends spent the night.

“You must now walk into the fort,” Ganadoga said to the white lads after the heavy wooden gates had been opened in the morning. “Tanuhoga and I shall hide close by in the forest, and if you live, we shall find you, in a day or two after the Indians have made their fight against the fort. You must not loiter here, but walk into the fort.”

There were some men now working in the field and some horses, cattle, and pigs had been turned out. Jonas and Jim soon were convinced that it was not safe for them to loiter in the cornfield; for either the men in the field or the watchmen in the block-houses had discovered some Indian spies, and

the men were hastening back to the stockade and also drove in the stock that was within easy reach.

The defenders of the fort were glad to give shelter to the white lads, but they were too busy now to ask many questions.

Some bold runners were quickly sent to Lexington for aid, the men took their stations at the loopholes and in the block-houses, guns were loaded and bullets run, and water had to be brought into the fort, because there was no spring or well inside of the stockade.

The backwoodsmen of those days possessed a keen practical insight into Indian psychology. From what they had observed and knew of recent raids, they felt sure that a large force of Indians was quietly surrounding the fort, although not a single warrior was in sight.

There were about fifty men in the stockade besides a number of women and children. The fort might have to stand a siege of several days, and a good supply of water was urgently required for both humans and animals.

If the men went to the spring, the concealed warriors would surely fire on them and try to cut them off. But if the women would take the risk, the Indians would not fire and betray their position to the armed defenders.

The women, both old women and young girls, took the risk. The few advance scouts hiding near the spring would not betray the plan of attack and the women were allowed to return unharmed with their filled pails and buckets.

It would make too long a story to tell here how the Indians were completely foiled in their attempt to surprise Bryan's Station on August 16th, 1782.

They soon gave up the attack, after losing several warriors. During the night they tried to set fire to the fort. They sent flaming arrows to the roofs of the cabins and some warriors rushed up to the stockade with burning torches, but the defenders were alert and did not allow a fire to get started.

In the whole long history of our Indian wars, the Indians have only very rarely carried out a long siege. The siege of Detroit

by Pontiac is the most notable exception to this rule.

Generally, if a place could not be taken by a surprise attack, the warriors would keep up a desultory fire for a day or two, and then the force would break up and leave.

The attack on Bryan's Station ended in that way. On the day after the attack the Indians withdrew. Their lack of a real military organization and the absence of any kind of a quartermaster's department made it impossible for them to besiege an enemy longer than a day or two.

It was now that Jonas had an opportunity to look around among the men in the stockade. Jim had only a very vague recollection of tall Nathan Stillwell.

There was not a man clad in any kind of uniform. They were just keen-eyed backwoodsmen; lean, bearded, and long-haired. Beards and long hair afforded a natural protection against sun and weather as well as against flies and mosquitoes, and of barbers there were few or none.

It was now more than seven years that Nathan had left his father's house to help

to survey some land grants in the Mohawk Valley.

There was not a man at Bryan's who looked like the slender almost beardless youth who left Newburgh in the spring of 1775.

There was, however, one gaunt, bearded man, apparently about thirty years old, whose walk and bearing did make Jonas think of Nathan; but Jonas reminded himself that many of the lank frontiersmen had that easy swinging stride. The American frontier was not a country for stubby fat men, and men who could not sit easily on horseback.

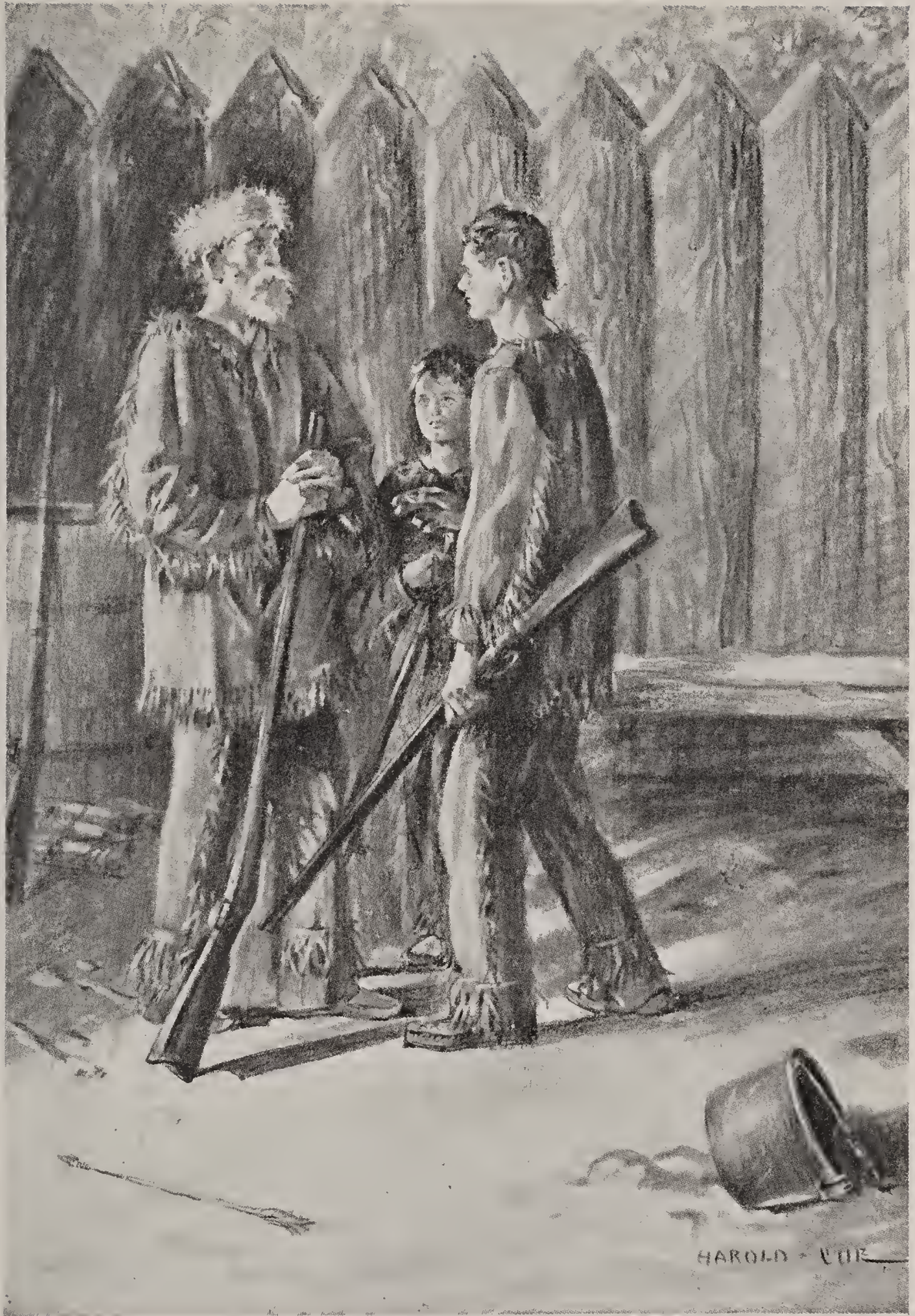
But now the man spoke and laughed, and there was a clear careless voice and an almost boyish laugh, which Jonas had not forgotten. He stepped up and looked the man in the face.

"Are you Nathan Stillwell?" he asked, barely controlling his emotion, "or do you only have his voice?"

The man straightened up and looked at Jonas.

"I am Nathan Stillwell," he spoke firmly.

“ And you, are you my own brother, Jonas? You had a boy’s voice when I left home. How, under heaven, did you wander into this fort? ”



"ARE YOU NATHAN STILLWELL?"—Page 297.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE LAST ORDER

NATHAN STILLWELL had seen much of Kentucky in the campaigns of Clark, and like many adventurous pioneers, had not been able to resist the call of the fertile soil of Kentucky. A few miles from Bryan's Station he had squatted near a fine stream, hoping to make good his title to the land, when peace should at last come to the war-weary country. He had built a log cabin, made a small clearing in the forest, and planted a patch of corn. When, a few days before the historical attack of August 16th, he found signs of Indians in the forest near his cabin, his instinct told him what to do. He took his long rifle and ammunition and joined the men in Bryan's stockade.

"You must come home with us now," Jonas insisted, "and show Father and Mother that you are alive. You have done your share of fighting the Indians."

Two days after the hostile Indians had left the neighborhood, Jim saw an Indian hunting-shirt displayed on a pole near the corner of the cornfield on the Lexington road. It was the sign by which the two Iroquois friends had promised to signal their presence to their white friends.

Jim could not be held in the fort any longer. He found his friends in the cornfield and persuaded them that it was now quite safe to come into the stockade; because the white lads had had time to tell the story of their search for Nathan.

Two runners were going to start east to Virginia, and each carried the following short letter to the farm of John Stillwell on the Hudson:

“DEAR PARENTS: We have found Nathan and he is well, but we did not know him when we first saw him. He has a long beard, like Father, and long hair like an Indian. We are all coming home by way of Virginia. We think that is the safest way. We cannot start till Nathan has harvested his corn, and it may take us a long time to reach home, because we have to hunt for food as we travel.”

There were four signatures attached to the letter, and Jim induced Tanuhoga to add his mark.

The writers realized that possibly neither of the letters would ever reach Newburgh. Nor could they feel at all sure that their former letters had ever reached their destination; for there was naturally no reliable mail service on the Indian frontier.

In the log cabin of Nathan the five friends spent many happy but not idle days. Jonas and Nathan used the ax in clearing land and building a fence around Nathan's field.

Jim and the two Iroquois kept themselves busy supplying the cabin with game, and the appetite of the five occupants who had little else to eat would have appalled any white housekeeper, accustomed to feed her family a mixed diet.

A proud boy was Jim, when he brought home his first wild turkey. Hunting was, however, not at all the only occupation of Jim and the two Iroquois. Every day they looked for signs of Indians, because the summer of 1782 was for Kentucky the worst time of the war.

The Western tribes, the powerful Wyandots, Shawnees, and others knew by this time that the whites in Kentucky were not straggling parties of hunters or trappers, but that they were farmers, who meant to settle and hold the land permanently.

Nathan had a horse, which he had taken with him to the stockade, and his few head of cattle and pigs the Indians accidentally missed. Near the stockade, they had killed or driven off every head of stock.

When the corn was husked Nathan found that he could not profitably dispose of his stock until spring, so the friends decided to remain over winter in Kentucky.

One winter evening, when Tanuhoga and Ganadoga were talking of their own country, the white lads learned what had become of Gray Wolf.

On the morning after Jonas had punished him, the chief ordered two young men to escort him out of the camp. About a mile from camp, Gray Wolf attacked one of the men and was killed in the fight.

Tanuhoga also had some news about Kalohka, Ganadoga's enemy. With another

young Mohawk he went on a raid into western Pennsylvania in the summer of 1781. From that raid neither Kalohka nor his companion ever returned.

As soon as spring had opened up, they started for the road through the famous Cumberland Gap. At Norfolk, Virginia, they took passage on a vessel for New York. On this trip Tanuhoga and Ganadoga admired much the skill of the white sailors in managing a big white man's boat.

The two Indians, who had previously enjoyed many a good laugh at the expense of their white friends, did not make the impression of being brave Indians on this trip.

Both of them were very seasick much of the time. Tanuhoga had never heard of seasickness, and when he took sick quite suddenly after a hearty meal, he became much frightened. He was firmly convinced that somebody had poisoned his food and that he was going to die. He even began to sing his death song to the uproarious amusement of the white sailors, but he soon grew too sick to sing.

Not until Jonas and Nathan also became

seasick and made light of the trouble was Tanuhoga convinced that he had not been poisoned.

A fair wind brought the vessel to the Jersey coast. From their landing place they travelled by land to the American outposts on the Hudson, where they took passage on a northbound sloop, and on the fifteenth of April, 1783, they landed in Newburgh Bay and half an hour later they dropped their packs on the steps of the Stillwell home.

One of the letters sent from Kentucky had reached the anxious parents early in January, and every day since the first of the month, the aged parents had been looking for the arrival of their sons.

The feast, which Mother Stillwell made for her sons and their two Iroquois friends, far surpassed any feast to which Ganadoga and Tanuhoga had ever been invited amongst the Mohawks and Oneidas.

A few days later some big news spread through the old town. It was spread on small cheaply printed hand-bills, but the message they carried is living to this day and all good Americans hope and pray that it will

live forever. The little hand-bills carried a copy of George Washington's last military order, issued from his headquarters, which were now at Newburgh.

“HEADQUARTERS, APRIL 18, 1783.

“The Commander-in-Chief orders the cessation of hostilities between the United States of America and the King of Great Britain to be publicly proclaimed to-morrow at twelve at the New Building: and that the proclamation, which will be communicated herewith, be read to-morrow morning at the head of every regiment and the corps of the army; after which, the Chaplains, with the several brigades, will render thanks to Almighty God for all His mercies, particularly for His overruling the wrath of man to His own glory, and causing the rage of war to cease among the nations.

“On such a happy day which is the harbinger of peace, a day which completes the eighth year of the war, it would be ingratitude not to rejoice, it would be insensibility not to participate, in the general felicity.

“HAPPY, THRICE HAPPY, shall they be pronounced hereafter, who have contributed anything, who have performed the meanest office in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire on the broad basis of independency, who have assisted in protecting

the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions.”

The war was really over. America was one of the nations of the world, and the sun of peace was once more shining upon the American continent after eight long weary years of a bitter, ruinous war.

Henceforth George Washington was to live forever in the hearts of men as the father of a great free nation, the happiest and most blessed on earth.

Washington was a great general, although he never won a great battle. But he never gave up and never flinched, and he carried on till his great work was done. No other general ever fought a great war against so many obstacles, against such great odds, and under so many discouragements.

He was the only man in America who could have won the war, and he won through the greatness and the pure unselfishness of his character. He cherished no personal ambition like other great generals of history: Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon.

In the great drama of human history he has only one peer in character and pure patriotism: Abraham Lincoln.

Ganadoga and Tanuhoga remained with their white friends till they grew homesick for their own people.

Ganadoga's gloomy forebodings as to the future of his own people, it must be told, proved true.

The Great Council of the Iroquois never met again and never can meet again in the future.

The British ministry shamefully abandoned their faithful Indian allies. In the peace treaty with the young republic, the Indian allies of the English were not even mentioned. If it had not been for the personal intercession of Washington, the State of New York would probably have confiscated all Indian lands within its boundaries.

But the Iroquois bravely adapted themselves to the inevitable. They are travelling the white man's road.

Some of them are living on reservations in New York. Joseph Brant and some of

his followers were, after much delay, given a home by the British on Grand River in Canada. The Oneidas are living far from their ancient home, on Green Bay in the State of Wisconsin.

Jonas, Jim, and Nathan never forgot their Iroquois friends. Ganadoga and Tanuhoga paid annual visits to their friends at Newburgh, and they never went away without presents for Oyaseh and Ganowah who had been good mothers to the white boys in their days of danger and captivity.

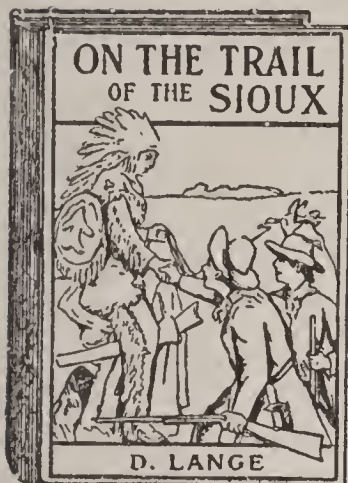
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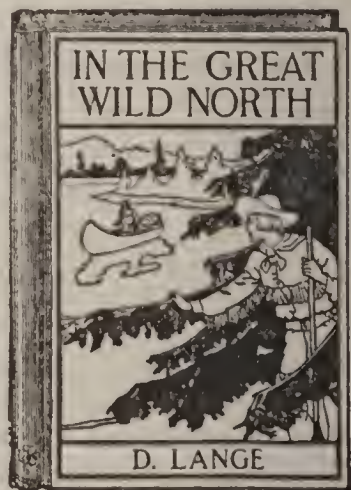
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